

REPETITIONS

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE



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REPETITIONS

SHORT SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE
CHOSEN FOR DECLAMATION

TOGETHER WITH THE ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION

By

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To
William DeWitt Hyde

PREFACE

In the preparation of this book the aim has been to present:

(1) More brief selections for declamation than have appeared in any other collection with which the compiler is acquainted.

(2) Without entire neglect of old favourites, a considerable number of recent compositions.

(3) Among selections from the drama, several dialogues for two characters, with parts of approximately the same number of lines, to be performed by two pupils.

(4) Some suggestions for young declaimers regarding the elements of elocution.

The compiler would acknowledge his indebtedness for helpful suggestions to Principal Lewis Perry, Professor James A. Tufts, Professor John C. Kirtland, and Mr. George B. Rogers, of The Phillips Exeter Academy; and any pupil of F. F. Mackay, Esq., may find in the supplementary essay the latter's influence.

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REPETITIONS

*"No impromptu ventures, but carved ivories of speech, drawn out of
the treasury of memory."*

WALTER PATER.

REPETITIONS

YOUTH AND SCHOOL DAYS

THE AMERICAN BOY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHAT we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy — not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean that he must love the positive virtues also. “Good,” in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—the best men I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless.

Of course the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to everyone else if he does not have a thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don’t foul and don’t shirk, but hit the line hard!

EXETER IN RETROSPECT

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

WE turn, and with fond gaze look back
 On scenes that nurse their growing years,
 The triumphs of the field and track,
 The glory of the distant cheers,
 Where they forge fresh strength and daring,
 Schoolboy ensigns proudly wearing
 To the victor-music in their blood;
 In the onset and the shock
 Learn how human forces lock
 To the banded bringing of the common good;
 And the youthful fighters melt in joyful brotherhood.

Now for us a dearer past remains,
 Which may their manhood, too, recall,
 Higher pleasures, deeper pains,
 That here heaven's grace let fall:
 Burning clefts of opening heaven
 To Paul by old Damascus given;
 The lonely hours, the unshed tears,
 Sacred hopes and holy fears,
 These also to our high youth did belong;
 And the sad majesty of song,
 The tragic load of Homer's age,
 The breathing woe of Virgil's page,
 Swept the young soul that yearns for home
 Where save through death it shall not come.

IF ———

RUDYARD KIPLING

IF you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 And make allowance for their doubting too:
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

 If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two imposters just the same:
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

 If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss:
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

 If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too much:
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

SQUIRE BROWN'S ADVICE TO TOM

THOMAS HUGHES

"**A**ND now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember you are going at your own request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you,—earlier than we should have sent you perhaps. If schools are like what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel, blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul, bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The Squire's last words deserved to have their effect, for they had been the result of much anxious thought. All the way up to London he had pondered what he should say to Tom by way of parting advice: something that the boy could keep in his head ready for use.

To condense the Squire's meditation, it was somewhat as follows: "I won't tell him to read his Bible and love and serve God; if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptation he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma; no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want."

THE EXONIAN BROTHERHOOD

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

HONOR to the brave, the wise, the good,
Whose lives in this old school began!
Our Exonian brotherhood
Earns gratitude of man.
Here let bronze and marble trace
The features of each vanished face.
Stately portraits, looking down,
Show Bancroft's smile and Webster's frown,
Palfrey benign and Everett's grace,
Cass's craft and Phillips' race,
With Soule and Abbot's hoary age,
And all our sons of heritage.
Here shall they grow, though haughty, high, and wise,
Familiar with youth's happy eyes.
They watch his going out and coming in,
Sink in his mind, and deeply win;
They meet young thousands face to face
And from their silent seats they mix with this new race.
The youngest student heads our farthest hope,
Our edge and limit of prophetic scope;
Ah, if, past death, our torch of life still flames,
Ah, here, if boyhood treasures up our names,
This is the laurel's greenest growth, found fresh in younger fames.

SPINNING FATES

WILLIAM JAMES

WE are spinning our own fates, good or evil, never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out.

Of course, this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.

From *Talks to Teachers on Psychology: and to Students on Some of Life's Ideals*.
Henry Holt and Company.

A SCHOLAR'S FUNERAL

IAN MACLAREN

IT was a low-roofed room, fit only for a laboring man. But the choice treasures of Greece and Rome lay on the table, and on a shelf beside the bed college prizes and medals, while everywhere were the roses he loved. His peasant mother stood beside the body of her scholar son, and through the window came the bleating of distant sheep.

"Maister Gordon," said Marget, "this is George's Homer, and he bade me tell you that he coonted yir freendship ane o' the gifts o' God."

For a brief space Gordon was silent, and, when he spoke, his voice sounded strange in that room.

"Your son was the finest scholar of my time, and a very perfect gentleman. He was also my true friend, and I pray God to console his mother." And Ludovic Gordon bowed low over Marget's worn hand as if she had been a queen.

Marget lifted Plato.

"This is the buik George chose for you, Maister Maclean, for he aye said to me ye hed been a prophet and shown him mony deep things."

The tears sprang to the Celt's eyes.

"It wass like him to make all other men better than himself," with the soft, sad Highland accent; "and a proud woman you are to hef been his mother."

The third man waited at the window till the scholars left, and then I saw he was none of that kind, but one who had been a slave of sin and now was free.

"Andra Chaumers, George wished ye tae hev his Bible, and he expecks ye tae keep the tryst."

"God helping me, I will," said Chalmers, hoarsely; and from the garden ascended a voice, "O God, who art a very present help in trouble."

ARNOLD OF RUGBY

THOMAS HUGHES

AS the hymn after the prayers was being sung, and the chapel was getting a little dark, came that great event in his, as in every Rugby boy's life of that day — the first sermon from the Doctor.

And what was it after all which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoons? What was it that moved and held us, three hundred reckless, childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth; who thought more of our seats in the School than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God? We couldn't enter into half that we heard; but we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battlefield ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.

RUGBY CHAPEL

MATTHEW ARNOLD

COLDLY, sadly descends
 The autumn evening. The fields
 Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
 Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
 Fade into dimness apace,
 Silent;—hardly a shout
 From a few boys late at their play!
 The lights come out in the street,
 In the school-room windows;—but cold,
 Solemn, unlighted, austere,
 Through the gathering darkness, arise
 The chapel-walls, in whose bound
 Thou, my father! art laid.

Fifteen years have gone round
 Since thou arosest to tread,
 In the summer morning, the road
 Of death, at a call unforeseen,
 Sudden. For fifteen years,
 We who till then in the shade
 Rested as under the boughs
 Of a mighty oak, have endured
 Sunshine and rain as we might,
 Bare, unshaded, alone,
 Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left vain!
 Somewhere, surely, afar,
 In the sounding labour-house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HOW beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
 With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
 Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
 Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
 All possibilities are in its hands,
 No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
 In its sublime audacity of faith,
 "Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith.

As ancient Priam at the Scaean gate
 Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
 With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
 Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
 To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
 Of Trojans, and Achaians in the field;
 So from the snowy summits of our years
 We see you in the plain, as each appears,
 And question of you; asking, "Who is he
 That towers above the others? Which may be
 Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
 Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
 As he who puts it off, the battle done.
 Study yourselves; and most of all note well
 Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.
 Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
 Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
 Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
 Distorted in a fountain as she played;
 The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
 Was one to make the bravest hesitate.
 Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
 "Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere, "Be bold!"

THE SCHOLAR GIPSY

JOSEPH GLANVILL

THERE was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there, and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of Scholars, who quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; but by a sign he prevented them from owning him before that crew, and taking one of them aside privately, desired him, with a friend, to go to an inn, not far distance thence, promising there to come to them.

After their first salutations, his friends enquire how he came to join himself with such a cheating, beggarly company. The Scholar, having given them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, told them that the people he went with were not such imposters as they were taken for; but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of the Imagination, and that himself had learnt much of their art, and improved it further than themselves could. And to evince the truth of what he told them, he said he'd remove into another room, leaving them to discourse together; and upon his return tell them the sum of what they had talked of. Which accordingly he performed, giving them a full account of what had passed between them in his absence. The Scholars being amazed at so unexpected a discovery earnestly desired him to unriddle the mystery. In which he gave them satisfaction by telling them that there were warrantable ways of heightening the Imagination to that pitch as to bind another's; and that when he had compassed the whole secret, some parts of which he was yet ingorant of, he intended to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.

THE BOYS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
 Old time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
 He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door!
 "Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we please;
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
 Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake!
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed, —
 And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
 It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen, —
 And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be men?
 Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
 The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
 Dear Father, take care of thy children, The Boys!

CLIFTON CHAPEL

HENRY NEWBOLT

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,
 Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
 And heard the words that one by one
 The touch of Life has turned to truth.
 Here, in a day that is not far,
 You too may speak with noble ghosts
 Of manhood and the vows of war
 You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize,
 To honour, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes:
 To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,
 And dearer yet the brotherhood
 That binds the brave of all the earth.

My son, the oath is yours: the end
 Is His, Who built the world of strife,
 Who gave His children Pain for friend
 And Death for surest hope of life.
 To-day and here the fight's begun,
 Of the great fellowship you're free;
 Henceforth the School and you are one,
 And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
 Among the lights that gleam and pass,
 You'll live to follow none more pure
 Than that which glows on yonder brass:
 "*Qui procul hinc*," the legend's writ —
 The frontier-grave is far away —
 "*Qui ante diem periiit*:
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

THE FINISH OF THE BOAT RACE

THOMAS HUGHES

“WE must be close to Exeter!” The thought flashes into him, and it would seem into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again. There is no more drag. She springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and the coxswain’s face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again. “You’re gaining! you’re gaining!” now and then he mutters to the captain, who responds with a wink, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn’t he grand, the captain, as he comes forward like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the regularity of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement.

The two crowds mingle now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. “Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more!” “Now, Exeter, you’re gaining; pick her up!” “Mind the Gut, Exeter!” “Bravo, St. Ambrose!” The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd. “Well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!” is the cry. Then the coxswain, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: “Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we are into them!”

And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurs, and music went up into the evening sky, the coxswain shook the tiller-ropes again, the captain shouted, “Now, then, pick her up!” and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing-place, the lion of the evening.

GIVE US MEN

THE BISHOP OF EXETER*

GIVE us Men!

Men — from every rank,
 Fresh and free and frank;
 Men of thought and reading,
 Men of light and leading,
 Men of loyal breeding,
 The Nation's welfare speeding:
 Give us Men! — I say again,
 Give us Men!
 Give us Men!

Men whom highest hope inspires,
 Men whom purest honor fires,
 Men who trample Self beneath them,
 Men who make their country wreath them,
 Men who never shame their mothers,
 Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others:
 Give us Men! — I say again,
 Give us Men!
 Give us Men!

Men who, when the tempest gathers,
 Grasp the standard of their fathers
 In the thickest fight:
 Men who strike for home and altar,
 (Let the coward cringe and falter).
 God defend the right!
 True as truth, though lorn and lonely,
 Tender, as the brave are only;
 Men who tread where saints have trod,
 Men for Country — Home — and God:
 Give us Men! I say again — again —
 Give us such Men!

*The Right Reverend Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, England, 1885-1900.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL NEWCOME

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

OUR Colonel, we were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one around him, as his wont was. There was a little, laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play.

One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe stricken face; and then gathered courage and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Greyfriars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was young.

After the child was gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "*Toujours, toujours!*"

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "*Adsum!*" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

THE COLLEGE REVISITED

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I PAST beside the reverend walls
 In which of old I wore the gown;
 I roved at random thro' the town,
 And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes
 The storm their high-built organs make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
 The prophets blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows; paced the shores
 And many a bridge and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same; and last
 Up that long walk of limes I past
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
 I linger'd; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
 That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
 And labor, and the changing mart,
 And all the framework of the land.

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

A. E. HOUSMAN

THE time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes that shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

A BOY'S WORK

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NO boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course there are occasional brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons — in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy gets older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need of horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play!"

JOHN VERNEY ENTERS HARROW

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

THE train slid slowly out of Harrow station.

Five minutes before, a man and a boy had been walking up and down the long platform. The boy wondered why the man, his uncle, was so strangely silent. Then, suddenly, the elder John Verney had placed his hands upon the shoulders of the younger John.

"You'll find plenty of fellows abusing Harrow," he said quietly; "but take it from me, that the fault lies not in Harrow, but in them. Don't look so solemn. You're about to take a header into a big river. In it are rocks and rapids; but you know how to swim, and after the first plunge you'll enjoy it—as I did—amazingly."

The train was now out of sight. John slipped the uncle's tip into his purse, and walked out of the station and on to the road beyond, the road which led to the top of the Hill.

Presently the boy reached some iron palings and a wicket-gate. In obedience to an impulse stronger than himself he had taken the short cut to what awaited him.

For a few minutes he stood outside the palings, trying to choke down an abominable lump in his throat. His heart fluttered furiously. John, however, had provided himself with a "cure-all." Plunging his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a cartridge, an unused twenty-bore gun cartridge. Looking at this, John smiled.

The cartridge stood for so much. Only a week before, Uncle John, on his arrival from Manchuria, had handed his nephew a small leather case and a key. The case held a double-barrelled, hammerless, ejector, twenty-bore gun, with a great name upon its polished blue barrels.

The sight of the cartridge justified John's expectations. He put it back into his pocket, and strode forward and upward.

IN HARROW CHAPEL

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

EVENSONG was over in Harrow Chapel. The Head Master, stately in surplice and scarlet hood, entered the pulpit.

The subject of the sermon was "Friendship": the heart's blood of a Public School.

"To-night," concluded the preacher, "this thought of friendship has for us a special solemnity. It is consecrated by the memory of one whom we have just lost. You, who are leaving the school, have been the friends and contemporaries of Henry Julius Desmond.

"Tall, eager, a face to remember,
A flush that could change as the day;
A spirit that knew not December,
That brightened the sunshine of May.

"Those lines, as you know, were written of another Harrovian, who died here on this Hill. Henry Desmond died on another hill, and died so gloriously that the shadow of our loss, dark as it seemed to us at first, is already melting into the radiance of his gain. To die young, clean, ardent; to die swiftly, in perfect health; to die saving others from death, or worse — disgrace — to die scaling heights; to die and to carry with you untainted hopes and aspirations, unembittered memories, all the freshness and gladness of May — is not that cause for joy rather than sorrow? I say — yes. Better death, a thousand times, than gradual decay of mind and spirit; better death than faithlessness, indifference, and uncleanness. To you who are leaving Harrow I commend the memory of Henry Desmond. It stands in our records for all we venerate and strive for: loyalty, honour, purity, strenuousness, and faithfulness in friendship. When temptation assails you, think of that gallant boy running swiftly uphill, leaving craven fear behind, and drawing with him the others who, led by him to the heights, made victory possible. You cannot all be leaders; only see to it that they lead you, as Henry Desmond led the men of Beauregard's Horse, onward and upward."

SKATING

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

IN the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
 The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
 I heeded not their summons: — happy time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me
 It was a time of rapture! — Clear and loud
 The village clock tolled six — I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home. — All shod with steel
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase
 And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away.

And oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round!
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

VITAI LAMPADA

HENRY NEWBOLT

THERE'S a breathless hush in the close to-night —
 Ten to make and the match to win —
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote —
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
 The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honour a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.
 This they all, with a joyful mind,
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind —
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

OXFORD IN VACATION

CHARLES LAMB

TO such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks at, as at one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of whatever degree of standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility I can be a sizar, or a servitor. When the peacock vein arises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or a curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ's Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these time are so much one's own, — the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a *devoir* to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours), whose portrait seems to smile upon their overlooked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality; the immense caves of kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the cook goes forth a Manticpe.

MASTER SKYLARK'S FIRST APPEARANCE

JOHN BENNETT

"NOW, Nick," said Carew, "thou'll enter here. When Master Whitelaw, as the Duke, calls out, 'How now, who comes?— I'll match him for the ale!' be quickly in, and answer to thy part; and, marry, boy, don't miss thy cues, or — tsst, thy head's not worth a peascod!"

Nick heard his white teeth grind, and all was at once very much afraid of him. So he said his lines to himself, and cleared his throat.

The trumpet blared, the kettledrum crashed again, and as a sudden hush fell over the throng without, Nick heard the voices of the players.

"How now, who comes?" Nick heard a loud voice call outside — the door-latch clicked behind him — he was out and down the stage before he quite knew where he was. And then he heard the last quick words, "I'll match him for the ale!" and started on his lines.

It was not that he said so ill what little he had to say, but that his voice was homelike and familiar in its sound, one of their own, with no amazing London accent to the words — just the speech of every-day, the sort that they all knew. There was a hoarse, exasperating laugh.

Nick hesitated in his lines. The man behind him thrust him forward, and whispering wrathfully, "Quick, quick — sing up, thou little fool!" stepped back and left him there alone.

A viol overhead took up the time, the gittern struck a few sharp notes. This unexpected music stopped the noise, and all was still; the fresh young voice came out alone, and it was done so soon that Nick hardly knew that he had sung at all. For a moment no one seemed to breathe. Then there was a very great noise, and all the court seemed hurling at him. He gave a frightened cry, and ran past the curtain, through the open door, and into the master player's excited arms.

"Quick, quick!" cried Carew. "Go back, go back! There, hark! — dost thou not hear them call? Quick, out again — they call thee back!" With that he thrust Nick through the door.

Then many voices cried out together, "Sing it again! The Skylark — the Skylark!"

ADDISON'S WALK

T. HERBERT WARREN

GREEN natural cloister of our Academe,*
 What ghost is this that greets us as we pace
 Beneath your boughs, the genius of the place,
 With soft accost that fits our musing dream?
 Scholar, divine, or statesman would beseem
 That reverend air, that pensive-brilliant face
 And lofty wit and speech of Attic grace,
 Rich in grave ornament and noble theme:

'Tis he who played unspoiled a worldly part,
 Taught the town truth, and in a formal age
 Lured fop and toast to heed a note sublime;
 Who here had early learned the crowning art,
 To walk the world like Plato's monarch-sage,
 Spectator of all being and all time.

*Magdalen College, Oxford, famed for its beautiful "water walks," one stretch of which is named for Addison, "the ideal Magdalen worthy."

MAY-DAY ON MAGDALEN TOWER

WRITTEN FOR MR. HUNT'S PICTURE*

T. HERBERT WARREN

MORN of the year, of day and May the prime!
 How fitly do we scale the steep dark stair,
 Into the brightness of the matin air,
 To praise with chanted hymn and echoing chime,
 Dear Lord of Light, Thy lowlihood sublime
 That stooped erewhile our life's frail weed to wear!
 Sun, clouds, and hills, all things Thou framest so fair,
 With us are glad and gay, greeting the time.

The college of the lily leaves her sleep;
 The grey tower rocks and trembles into sound,
 Dawn-smitten Memnon of a happier hour;
 Through faint-hued fields the silver waters creep;
 Day grows, birds pipe, and robed anew and crowned,
 Green Spring trips forth to set the world aflower.

* "The subject was the ceremony of May Morning, Magdalen Tower, Oxford, at sunrise, when the choristers sing a hymn as the sun appears above the horizon. For several weeks I mounted to the Tower roof about four in the morning to watch for the first rays of the rising sun, and to choose the sky which was most suitable for the subject."—*Holman Hunt*.

AFTER CONSTRUING

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

LORD CAESAR, when you sternly wrote
The story of your grim campaigns,
And watched the ragged smoke-wreaths float
Above the burning plains,

You little recked, imperious head,
When shrilled your shattering trumpet's noise,
Your frigid sections would be read
By bright-eyed English boys.

The Mantuan singer pleading stands;
From century to century
He leans and reaches wistful hands,
And cannot bear to die.

But you are silent, secret, proud,
No smile upon your haggard face,
As when you eyed the murderous crowd
Beside the statue's base.

I marvel — that Titanic heart
Beats strongly through the arid page,
And we, self-conscious sons of art,
In this bewildering age,

Like dizzy revellers stumbling out
Upon the pure and peaceful night,
Are sobered into troubled doubt,
As swims across our sight

The ray of that sequestered sun,
Far in the illimitable blue, —
The dream of all you left undone,
Of all you dared to do.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing, "Carry a message to Garcia!"

ON ENTERING CAMBRIDGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

IT was a dreary morning when the wheels
 Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
 And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
 The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
 Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
 Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
 A student clothed in gown and tasseled cap,
 Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
 Or covetous of exercise and air;
 He passed — nor was I master of my eyes
 Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
 Onward we drove beneath the Castle; caught,
 While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;
 And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn.

Some friends I had, acquaintances who there
 Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys, now hung round
 With honour and importance: in a world
 Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
 Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
 Flowed in upon me from all sides.

I was the Dreamer; they the Dream; I roamed
 Delighted through the motley spectacle:
 Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers:
 Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
 A northern villager.

AN UNDERGRADUATE AT ST. JOHN'S

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE Evangelist St. John my patron was:
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
 Right underneath, the College kitchens made
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,
 But hardly less industrious; with shrill notes
 Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
 Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours
 Twice over with a male and female voice.
 Her pealing organ was my neighbour too;
 And from my pillow, looking forth by light
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
 The antechapel where the statue stood
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
 The marble index of a mind forever
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorne shade;
 Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
 With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
 I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!
 Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
 Stood almost single; uttering odious truth —
 Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
 An awful soul — I seemed to see him here
 Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
 Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth —
 A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
 And conscious step of purity and pride.

THE RACE OF LIFE

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

NOTHING strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement Day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds are brought up for trial. That day is the start and life is the race. Here they are,—coats bright as silk and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt which has just been trotted upon the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years?

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. But look! how they have thinned out. Down flat,—five, six,—how many? They lie still enough! And the rest of them, what a "tailing off"!

Thirty years. Third corner turned. The black "colt," as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot.

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning post a slab of gray stone standing out from the turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how.

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,
 In those old days of the lost sunshine
 Of youth — when the Saturday's chores were through,
 And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
 And we went visiting, "me and you,"
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day!
 Though I am as bald as you are gray,—
 Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
 We patter along in the dust again,
 As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
 Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
 Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
 And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
 And lolled and circled, as we went by
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,
 Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
 The clapboard roof!— And her face — ah, me!
 Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
 Wasn't it good for a boy to be
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And, O my brother, so far away,
 This is to tell you — she waits *to-day*
 To welcome us:— Aunt Mary fell
 Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
 The boys to come!" . . . And all is well
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,
 Where in my youth I weathered it so long,
 With a chance companion, a staunch friend or two,
 And a light heart still breaking into song;
 Making a mock of life and all its cares,
 Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
 Lightly I vaulted up four pairs of stairs,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes, 'tis a garret; let him know't who will.
 There was my bed — full hard it was and small;
 My table there — and I decipher still,
 Half a lame couplet, charcoaled on the wall.

One jolly evening when my friends and I,
 Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
 A shout of triumph mounted up thus high
 And distant cannon opened on our ears;
 We rise — we join in the triumphant strain—
 Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won —
 Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone — the place is sad and strange.
 How far, far off these happy times appear!
 All that I have to live I'd gladly change
 For one such month as I have wasted here —
 To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
 From founts of hope that never will return,
 And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
 Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

LITTLE MARLOWE AT CANTERBURY

ALFRED NOYES

A COBBLER lived in Canterbury—
 He sat at his door and stitched in the sun,
 Nodding and smiling at every one;
 And anon he would cry
 "Kit! Kit! Kit!" to his little son,
 "Look at the pilgrims riding by!
 Dance down, hop down, after them, run!"
 Then, like an unfledged linnet, out
 Would tumble the brave little lad,
 With a piping shout,—
 "O, look at them, look at them, look at them, Dad!
 How many countries have they seen?
 Is there a king there, is there a queen?
 Dad, one day,
 Thou and I must ride like this,
 All along the Pilgrim's Way,
 By Glastonbury and Samarcand,
 El Dorado and Cathay,
 London and Persepolis,
 All the way to the Holy Land!"
 Then, shaking his head as if he knew,
 Under the sign of the *Golden Shoe*,
 The little cobbler would laugh and say:
 "When you are old you will understand
 'Tis a very long way
 To Samarcand!
 'Tis a hundred miles from where you stand;
 And a hundred more, my little son,
 A hundred more, to Holy Land!
 The cobbler must stick to his last."

Adapted from *The Sign of the Golden Shoe* in *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, by
 Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A CRICKET BOWLER

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

TWO minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
 The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
 On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
 And elbows apt to make the leather spin
 Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin—
 In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
 But no guile shelters under this boy's black
 Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.

Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
 The new man plants his weapon with profound
 Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
 Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game:
 The flung ball takes one maddening tortuous bound,
 And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

IF I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
 Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
 Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
 Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head bare,
 The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
 Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
 A wily foeman breaking from the side;
 Aware of him,—of all else unaware:

If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
 Your weight against his passage, like a wall;
 Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
 For one brief moment till he falls—you fall:
 My sketch would have what Art can never give—
 Sinew and breath and body; it would live.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

RULES FOR THE GAME OF LIFE

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

LIFE is a game the soul can play
 With fewer pieces than men say.
 Only to grow as the grass grows,
 Prating not of joys or woes;
 To burn as the steady hearth-fire burns;
 To shine as the star can shine,
 Or only as the mote of dust that turns
 Darkling and twinkling in the beam of light divine.

I will be glad to be and do,
 And glad of all good men that live,
 For they are woof of nature too;
 Glad of the poets every one,
 Pure Longfellow, great Emerson,
 And all that Shakespeare's world can give.
 When the road is dust, and the grass dries,
 Then will I gaze on the deep skies;
 And if Dame Nature frown in cloud,
 Well, mother—then my heart will say—
 You cannot so drive me away;
 I will still exult aloud,
 Companioned of the good hard ground,
 Whereon stout hearts of every clime,
 In battles of all time,
 Foothold and couch have found.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ALL day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;

All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just as I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And O, the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson, cried.
"It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

Abbreviated from the poem by the same title, in *Poems and Ballads*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

DEEDS AND CHARACTER

JOHN, MOST RUTHLESS OF THE ANGEVINS

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

“FOUL as it is, hell is defiled by the fouler presence of John.” The terrible verdict of the King’s contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history. In his inner soul John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united into one mass of wickedness their insolence, selfishness, cruelty and tyranny. In mere boyhood he had torn with brutal levity the beards of the Irish chieftains who came to own him as their lord. To his brother he had been the worst of traitors. All Christendom believed him to be the murderer of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. He abandoned one wife and was faithless to another. His punishments were refinements of cruelty—the starvation of little children, the crushing of old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel where no woman was safe. He was craven in his superstition as he was daring in his impiety. He scoffed at priests and turned his back on the mass amidst the solemnities of his coronation, but he never stirred on a journey without hanging relics round his neck.

But with the supreme wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. Throughout his reign he was quick to discern the difficulties of his position, and inexhaustible in the resources with which he met them. The overthrow of his continental power only spurred him to the formation of a great league, which all but brought Philip to the ground; and the sudden revolt of all England was parried by a shameless alliance with the Papacy. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that it was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the Pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom.

THE ENGLISH ADMIRALS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

OUR admirals discovered a startling eagerness for battles and courted war like a mistress. When the news came to Essex before Cadiz that the attack had been decided, he threw his hat into the sea. It is in this way that a schoolboy hears of a half-holiday; but this was a bearded man of great possessions who had just been allowed to risk his life. Benbow could not lie still in his bunk after he had lost his leg; he must be on deck in a basket to direct and animate the fight. I said they loved war like a mistress; yet I think there are not many mistresses we should continue to woo under similar circumstances. Trowbridge went ashore with the *Culloden*, and was able to take no part in the battle of the Nile. "The merits of that ship and her gallant captain," wrote Nelson to the Admiralty, "are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground, *while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness.*" This is a notable expression, and depicts the whole great-hearted, big-spoken stock of the English admirals to a hair. Their sayings and doings stir English blood like the sound of a trumpet; and if the Indian Empire, the trade of London, and all outward and visible ensigns of our greatness should pass away, we should still leave behind us a durable monument of what we were in these sayings and doings of the English Admirals.

Adapted from *The English Admirals in Virginibus Puerisque*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

ALFRED NOYES

Sirs, my life
 Was hardly safe with him. Why, he resolved
 To storm the Castle of St. Vincent, sirs,
 A castle on a cliff, grinning with guns,
 Well-known impregnable! The Spaniards fear
 Drake; but to see him land below it and bid
 Surrender, sirs, the strongest fort of Spain
 Without a blow, they laughed! And straightway he,
 With all the fury of Satan, turned that cliff
 To hell itself. He sent down to the ships
 For faggots, broken oars, beams, bowsprits, masts,
 And piled them up against the outer gates,
 Higher and higher, and fired them. There he stood
 Amid the smoke and flame and cannon-shot,
 This Admiral, like a common seaman, black
 With soot, besmeared with blood, his naked arms
 Full of great faggots, laboring like a giant
 And roaring like Apollyon. Sirs, he is mad!
 But did he take it, say you? Yea, he took it,
 The mightiest stronghold on the coast of Spain,
 Took it and tumbled all its big brass guns
 Clattering over the cliffs into the sea.
 But, sirs, ye need not raise a cheer so loud!
 It is not warfare. 'Twas a madman's trick,
 A devil's!

DRAKE'S DRUM

HENRY NEWBOLT

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombredios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide dashin',
 He sees it arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port of Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago!"

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call on him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

THE DEATH OF SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last;
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
 "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
 With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
 And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
 That he dared with his one little ship and his English few;
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
 And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like a wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHAR-
ING CROSS

LIONEL JOHNSON

COME^LY and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides:
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court; and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their stations set;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king:
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Armoured he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom;
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

King, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace:
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps;
When all the cries are still:
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES I

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! . . . And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow. We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, "a good man, but a bad king." We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at chapel.

WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

TO lead a people in revolution wisely and successfully, without ambition and without a crime, demands indeed lofty genius and unbending virtue. But to build their State amid the angry conflict of passion and prejudice, to peacefully inaugurate a complete and satisfactory government — this is the greatest service that a man can render to mankind. But this also is the glory of Washington.

With the sure sagacity of a leader of men, he selected at once for the three highest stations the three chief Americans. Hamilton was the head, Jefferson was the heart, and John Jay the conscience of his administration. Washington's just and serene ascendancy was the lambent flame in which these beneficent powers were fused; and nothing else than that ascendancy could have ridden the whirlwind and directed the storm that burst around him. Party spirit blazed into fury. John Jay was hung in effigy; Hamilton was stoned; insurrection raised its head in the West; Washington himself was denounced. But the great soul was undismayed. Without a beacon, without a chart, but with unwavering eye and steady hand, he guided his country safe through darkness and through storm. He held his steadfast way, like the sun across the firmament, giving life and health and strength to the new nation; and upon a searching survey of his administration, there is no great act which his country would annul; no word spoken, no line written, no deed done by him, which justice would reverse or wisdom deplore.

From Orations and Addresses. Harper and Brothers.

THE PATRIOTS OF LEXINGTON

THEODORE PARKER

ONE raw morning in spring—it will be eighty years the 19th day of this month—Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that Great Deliverance, were both at Lexington; they also had “obstructed an officer” with brave words. British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them and carry them over sea for trial, and so nip the bud of Freedom auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight, “for training.” A great, tall man, with a large head and a high, wide brow, their captain,—one who had “seen service,”—marshaled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade “every man load his piece with powder and ball. I will order the first man shot that runs away,” said he, when some faltered. “Don’t fire unless fired upon, but if they want to have a war, let it begin here.”

Gentlemen, you know what followed; those farmers and mechanics “fired the shot heard around the world.” A little monument covers the bones of such as before had pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the Freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy I read the first monumental line I ever saw—“Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind.”

Since then I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome, in many an ancient town; nay, on Egyptian obelisks, have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt; but no chiseled stone has ever stirred me to such emotions as those rustic names of men who fell “In the Sacred Cause of God and their Country.”

THE MINUTE MAN

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

THE minute-man of the American Revolution — who was he? He was Captain Miles, of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded.

This was the minute-man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town-meeting; who carried a bayonet that thought, whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day; him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here among these peaceful fields — here in the country whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and, eighty-six years later, gave it, first also, for a truer union and a larger liberty — here in the heart of Middlesex county, of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge!

THE AMERICAN SAILOR

ROBERT F. STOCKTON

LOOK to your history, — that part of it which the world knows by heart, — and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon, and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bon Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time for ever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag? It was the American sailor. And the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass. In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster, who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered, as long as we have left anything worth remembering. That one event was worth more to the republic than all the money which has ever been expended for the navy. Since that day, the navy has had no stain upon its escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. And the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world, — in peace and in war, in storm and in battle, — for heroism and prowess unsurpassed. Excite his emulation, stimulate his ambition, by rewards, and inspire him with the love and confidence for your service!

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

WENDELL PHILLIPS

CROMWELL' never saw an army till he was forty; Toussaint L'Ouverture never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen,— the best blood of Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,— the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,— their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunder-bolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

DANIEL WEBSTER

ADAMS and Jefferson are no more. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in their example; and they live emphatically, and *will* live in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

No two men now live — perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age — who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind; infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others; or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer: for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American revolution will appear less than it is, — one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor, in *producing* that momentous event.

WEBSTER IN THE DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CASE

HENRY CABOT LODGE

WHEN Mr. Webster had finished his argument, he stood silent for some moments, until every eye was fixed upon him; then, addressing the Chief Justice, he said:—

“This, sir, is my case. It is the case not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in the land.

“Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which for more than a century have thrown their radiance over our land. It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it.”

Here his feelings mastered him; his eyes filled with tears, his lips quivered, his voice choked. In broken words of tenderness he spoke of his attachment to the college, and his tones seemed filled with memories of home and boyhood; of early affections and youthful privations and struggles.

“The court room,” says Mr. Goodrich, “during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, his eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington, leaning forward with an eager troubled look; and the remainder of the court pressing, as it were, to a single point.

“Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eyes on the Chief Justice, said:—

“‘Sir, I know not how others may feel, but for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say, *‘Et tu quoque, mi fili!’* ‘And thou too, my son!’”

From *Daniel Webster in American Statesmen Series*. By permission of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge and also of Houghton Mifflin Company.

WEBSTER AT BUNKER HILL

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH

THE first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the 17th of June, 1825, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons — men and women — waiting for the “Orator of the Day,” nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth, as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of “Webster!” “Webster!” “Webster!”

It was one of those lovely days in June, when the sun is bright, the air clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence. There were present long files of soldiers in their holiday attire; there were many associations, with their mottoed banners; there were lodges and grand lodges in white aprons and blue scarfs; there were miles of citizens from the towns and the country round about: there were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution; there was among them a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known, the air echoed with the cry—“Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!”

I have looked on many mighty men—and yet not one of these approached Mr. Webster in the commanding power of their personal presence. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the occasion to which I allude, had their full expression and interpretation.

ROBERT BURNS

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

WHAT Raphael is in color, what Mozart is in music, that Burns is in song. With his sweet words, "the mother soothes her child, the lover wooes his bride, the soldier wins his victory." His biographer says his genius was so overmastering that the news of Burns' arrival at the village inn drew farmers from their fields, and at midnight wakened travelers, who left their beds to listen, delighted, until the morn.

One day this child of poverty and obscurity left his plow behind, and entering the drawing-rooms of Edinburgh, met Scotland's most gifted scholars, her noblest lords and ladies. Mid these scholars, statesmen, and philosophers, he blazed "like a torch amidst the tapers," showing himself wiser than the scholars, wittier than the humorists, kinglier than the courtliest. And yet, in the very prime of his midmanhood, Burns lay down to die, a broken-hearted man. He who had sinned much suffered much, and being the victim of his own folly, he was also the victim of ingratitude and misfortune. Bewildered by his debts, he seems like an untamed eagle beating against bars he cannot break. The last time he lifted his pen upon the page it was not to give immortal form to some exquisite lyric he had fashioned, but to beg a friend in Edinburgh for a loan of ten pounds to save him from the terrors of a debtor's prison. Carlyle thinks Burns received more rather than less of the kindnesses usually bestowed upon great teachers. We are told, too, that Tasso polished his cantos in a madhouse, Cervantes perfected his pages in a prison, Roger Bacon wrought out his principles in a dungeon, Locke was banished and wrote his treatise on the mind while shivering in a Dutch garret, and by contrast with the lot of other worthies Burns seems the child of good fortune. In the last analysis the blame is with the poet himself. Not want of good fortune without, but want of good guidance within, wrecked this youth. Save Saul alone, history holds no sadder tragedy than that of Burns, who sang "the short and simple annals of the poor."

From *Great Books as Life Teachers*, by Newell Dwight Hillis. Copyright, 1898, 1899, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

NAPOLEON

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

A LITTLE while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, and thought of the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadows of the Pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster — driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris — clutched like a wild beast — banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, when chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his arms crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made — of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said, I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky — with my children upon my knees and their arms about me — I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

Adapted from *Prose-Poems and Selections from the Writings of Robert Ingersoll*.
C. P. Farrell, New York.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

EDWIN MARKHAM

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road—
 Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
 Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
 Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
 Here was a man to hold against the world,
 A man to match the mountains and the sea.

.

Sprung from the West,

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
 The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
 Up from the log cabin to the Capitol,
 One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
 To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
 Clearing a free way for the feet of God.

.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
 And when the judgment thunders split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

"PUNCH" ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN

TOM TAYLOR

YOU lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
 Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd face,

His gaunt, gnarl'd hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen back'd up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain;
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he liv'd to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at the head and feet,
 Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had liv'd to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,
 This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON

JOHN MELLEN THURSTON

SOMETIMES in passing along the street I meet a man, who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years; perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, or below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence — yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

What mighty men have worn this same bronze button! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, and a hundred more, whose names are written on the title-page of deathless fame. Their glorious victories are known of men; the history of their country gives them voice; the white light of publicity illuminates them for every eye. But there are thousands who, in humbler way, no less deserve applause. How many knightliest acts of chivalry were never seen beyond the line or heard of above the roar of battle!

God bless the men who wear the button. They pinned the stars of Union in the azure of our flags with bayonets, and made atonement for a nation's sin in blood. They took the negro from the auction-block and at the altar of emancipation crowned him — citizen. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomattox. Their powder woke the morn of universal freedom and made the name "American" first in all the earth. To us their memory is an inspiration and to the future it is hope.

From an address delivered at the annual banquet of the Michigan Club at Detroit, February 21, 1890.

THE CHARACTER OF GLADSTONE

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

GREAT as Gladstone was as orator, scholar, and statesman, he was greater still as a Christian. With all the enthusiasm of a young soldier for some noble general, of a pupil for some artist, he poured forth all his gifts and ambitions at the behest of his divine Master and Saviour. Going on Sunday to read prayers in the church at Hawarden, each morning of the six week days he also made his way to the same little church to bow while the rector read daily prayers. When prime minister for the last time, he brought an old coachman up to London for medical treatment, and having found suitable quarters, he charged his physician to send him word should a crisis come. The end came at an hour when Mr. Gladstone was in an important discussion with Sir William Harcourt. In that hour the prime minister dropped everything, and hurrying to another part of the city, he lent his old servant comfort as he passed down into the dark valley, and this servant died while the prime minister of England was praying to the Eternal God, just as, while his own son read the solemn prayer, he himself passed on into the realms of happiness and immortal peace.

Noisy to-day are the sceptics, but should we mention the name of some one of these doubters best known for talent, and multiply his work a thousand-fold, yet, set over against the sublime achievements and massive character of Gladstone, he would seem as a mud hut against a marble statue. The lesson of this great life is that the most splendid gifts, opportunities, and ambitions should be given to Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

THE SELF-MADE MAN

GROVER CLEVELAND

WE have all seen handsome and quite elaborately carved articles or trinkets which were made entirely with a pocket-knife. As curiosities they challenge our interest because of the ingenuity and difficulty of their construction with such a simple tool; but we do not regard them as more useful for that reason, nor do we for a moment suppose that the pocket-knife was essential to their construction, or that their beauty or merit would have been diminished by the use of more effective and suitable tools.

It is well to remember, too, in considering those who succeed notwithstanding difficulties, that not all successes, even though so gained, are of that useful and elevating kind that should excite our admiration. The churlish curmudgeon, who by sharp practices and avaricious dealing has amassed a fortune, should not be permitted to cajole us by boasting of his early privations and sordid self-denial. We are at liberty to resent in any case the attempt to cover a multitude of sins with the cloak of the self-made man, by playing upon our regard for the worth and labour that conquers a useful and honourable career; and the successful political hack should not be allowed to distract us from a damaged character, by parading his humble origin, his lack of early advantages, and the struggles of his boyhood, as independent and sufficient proofs that he is entitled to our suffrages.

The truth is, the merit of the successful man who has struggled with difficulties and disadvantages must be judged by the kind of success he has achieved, by the use he makes of it, and by its effect upon his character and life.

THE SOURCE OF POWER

C. HANFORD HENDERSON

THE world-story after all is nothing more than the story of human sentiment. The causes that have been lost and won, the victories and defeats, the Reformation and the Renaissance, all the great things that have been done, have been first achieved in the emotional life, in the human spirit. The immense material resources of Asia hurl themselves against Greek sentiment and are shattered. The Roman empire, robbed of Roman spirit, falls apart; China, the unalterable, the anesthetic, is dying. Napoleon's cynical remark that Heaven espoused the cause of the larger army was nowhere better disproved than in his own history. . . . A handful of colonial farmers is worth a regiment of Hessians. . . . To one man comes a supreme passion; the unity of Italy, it may be, the reality of the Fatherland, the liberation of Greece; and behold, it is an accomplished fact.

It is impossible to exaggerate the omnipotence of human feeling, of human emotion, of human desire.

The miller looks to his mill-race; the engineer replenishes his coal-bin; the sailor regards the quarter of the wind; so must we people who have more important concerns on hand look for the carrying out of them to the strength and purity of the feelings. As men we must see to it that the heart beats high; as educators we must see to it that the tide of childish feeling is at the flood; as sociologists we must see to it that the people care. As we do this, we are strong; as we fail to do it, we are weak. Pagan defeat and superseding came when the human heart grew faint. It is the same world, this in which we live; the source of its power is still in the round tower of the heart.

From *Education and the Higher Life*. By permission of, and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE MAN WHO IS NEEDED

ELBERT HUBBARD

NO man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by a hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him: or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle and sends him an angel of light for an assistant.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home, and the man, who, when given a letter, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly.

NARRATIVE SELECTIONS

THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE

WALTER SCOTT

THE situation of Cedric and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so, but for the constancy of the archers in the barbican, who ceased not to shower their arrows upon the battlements, distracting the attention of those by whom they were manned, and thus affording a respite to their two chiefs from the storm of missiles which must otherwise have overwhelmed them. But their situation was eminently perilous and was becoming more so with every moment.

"Shame on ye all!" cried De Bracy, to the soldiers around him; "do ye call yourselves cross-bowmen, and let these two dogs keep their station under the walls of the castle? Heave over the coping stones from the battlement, an better may not be. Get the pickaxe and levers, and down with that huge pinnacle!" pointing to a heavy piece of stone-carved work that projected from the parapet.

At this moment the besiegers caught sight of the red flag upon the angle of the tower which Ulrica had described to Cedric. The good yeoman, Locksley, was the first who was aware of it, as he was hasting to the outwork, impatient to see the progress of the assault.

"Saint George!" he cried, "Merry Saint George for England! To the charge, bold yeomen!— why leave ye the good knight and noble Cedric to storm the pass alone? — make in, mad priest, show thou canst fight for thy rosary — make in, brave yeomen!— the castle is ours, we have friends within — see yonder flag; it is the appointed signal — Torquilstone is ours!— think of honor, think of spoil — one effort and the place is ours."

WHEN THE PLAYERS CAME TO STRATFORD

JOHN BENNETT

AT early dawn the Oxford carrier had brought the news that the players of the Lord High Admiral were coming up to Stratford out of London from the south, to play on May-day there; and this was what had set the town to buzzing like a swarm. For there were in England then but three great companies, and the day on which they came into a midland market-town to play was one to mark with red and gold upon the calendar of the uneventful year.

Away by the old mill-bridge there were fishermen angling for dace and perch; but when the shout came down the London road, they dropped their poles and ran, through the willows and over the gravel, splashing and thrashing among the rushes and sandy shallows, not to be last when the players came.

The distant horsemen now were coming on, riding in double file. They had flung their banners to the breeze, and on the changing wind, with the thumping of horses' hoofs, came by snatches the sound of a kettledrummer drawing his drumhead tight, and beating as he drew, and the muffled blasts of a trumpeter proving his lips.

Fynes Morrison and Walter Stirley, who had gone to Cowslip Lane to meet the march, were running on ahead, and shouting as they ran: "There's forty men, and sumpter-mules! and, oh, the bravest banners and attire—and the trumpets are a cloth-yard long! Make room for us, make room for us!"

A bowshot off, the trumpets blew a blast so high, so clear, so keen, that it seemed a flame of fire in the air, and as the brassy fanfare died away across the roofs of the quiet town, the kettledrums clanged, the cymbals clashed, and all the company began to sing the famous old song of the hunt:

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!"

MAY DAY IN OLD LONDON

ALFRED NOYES

THWACK! *thwack!* One early dawn upon our door
 I heard the bladder of some motley fool
 Bouncing, and all the dusk of London shook
 With bells! I leapt from bed,—had I forgotten?—
 I flung my casement wide and craned my neck
 Over the painted Mermaid. There he stood,
 His right leg yellow and his left leg blue,
 With jingling cap, a sheep-bell at his tail,
 Wielding his eel-skin bladder,—*bang! thwack! bang!*
 Catching a comrade's head with the recoil
 And skipping away! All Bread Street dimly burned
 With litter branches, ferns and hawthorne-clouds;
 For, round Sir Fool, a frolic morrice-troop
 Of players, poets, prentices, mad-cap queans,
 Robins and Marians, coloured like the dawn,
 And sparkling like the green-wood whence they came
 With their fresh boughs all dewy from the dark,
 Clamoured, *Come down! Come down, and let us in!*
 High over these, I suddenly saw Sir Fool
 Leap to a sign-board, swing to a conduit-head,
 And perch there, gorgeous on the morning sky,
 Tossing his crimson cocks-comb to the blue
 And crowing like Chanticleer, *Give them a rouse!*
 And as I seized shirt, doublet and trunk-hose,
 I saw the hobby-horse come cantering down,
 A paste-board steed, dappled a rosy white
 Like peach-bloom, bridled with purple, bitted with gold,
 A crimson foot-cloth on his royal flanks,
 And riding him, His Majesty of the May!

From *The Companion of a Mile* in *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. Frederick
 A. Stokes Company.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS BECKET

J. A. FROUDE

THE archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir, when the knights came in. A voice cried, "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps. "What do you want with me?"

They had not meant to kill him — certainly not at that time and in that place. There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed him in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and felt that his time was come. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the lone friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword with its remaining force wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly, with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for his Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his hands and knees. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents in English history.

THE THREE TROOPERS

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY

INTO the Devil tavern
 Three booted troopers rode,
 From spur to feather spotted and splash'd
 With the mud of a winter road.
 Into each of their cups they dropp'd a crust,
 And stared at the guests with a frown;
 Then drew their swords, and roar'd for a toast,
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

The gambler dropp'd his dog's-ear'd cards,
 The waiting women screamed,
 As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,
 On the wild men's sabres gleamed.
 Then into their cups they splash'd the crusts,
 And curs'd the fool of a town,
 And leap'd on the table, and roar'd a toast,
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
 And the troopers sprang to horse;
 And the eldest mutter'd between his teeth,
 Hot curses deep and coarse.
 Into their stirrup cups they flung the crusts,
 And cried as they spurr'd through the town,
 With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cock'd,
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

Away they dash'd through Temple Bar,
 Their red cloaks flowing free,
 Their scabbards clash'd, each back-piece shone —
 None lik'd to touch the three.
 The silver cups that held the crusts
 They flung to the startled town,
 Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

THE JACOBITE ON TOWER HILL

GEORGE WALTER THORNBY

HE tripped up the steps with a bow and a smile,
 Offering snuff to the chaplain the while,
 A rose at his button-hole that afternoon —
 'Twas the tenth of the month, and the month it was June.

Then shrugging his shoulders he looked at the man
 With the mask and the ax, and a murmuring ran
 Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing to see
 The jailer kneel down and receiving his fee.

He looked at the mob, as they roar'd, with a stare,
 And took snuff again with a cynical air.
 "I'm happy to give but a moment's delight,
 To the flower of my country agog for a sight."

Then he looked at the block, and with scented cravat,
 Dusted room for his neck, gaily doffing his hat,
 Kissed his hand to a lady, bent low to the crowd,
 Then smiling, turn'd round to the headsman and bow'd.

"God save King James!" he cried bravely and shrill,
 And the cry reached the houses at foot of the hill,
 "My friend, with the ax, *a votre service!*" he said,
 And ran his white thumb 'long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hiss'd he stood firm as a rock,
 Then kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block;
 He kissed a white rose,— in a moment 'twas red,
 With the life of the bravest of any that bled.

BREAKING THE NEWS

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ON the afternoon of the 14th day of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jack-boots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking and very corpulent cavalier; but by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was as bold as well as a skillful rider. Indeed no man loved sport better; and in the hunting fields of Norfolk no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood or Sweettips more lustily than he who now thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner; and woe be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jack-boots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jack-boots.

He on the bed started up; and with many oaths and a strong German accent asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him?

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

"Dat is one big lie!" roared out his sacred Majesty King George II. But Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until three-and-thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

HENRY FIELDING

AS soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence until the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress."

Jones answered, "That is the Ghost."

To which Partridge replied with a smile: "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to."

In this mistake he was suffered to continue until the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones. "Oh, la, sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person. If that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life."

When the Ghost made his next appearance Partridge cried out: "There, sir, now: what say you now? Is he frightened, or no? As much frightened as you think me; and to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world."

At the end, Jones asked which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, "The King, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion as the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage."

"He the best player!" cries Partridge, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a Ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner and done just as he did. I know you are only joking with me. I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

From Tom Jones.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN

ALPHONSE DAUDET

THE little Dauphin is ill; the little Dauphin is dying. In all the churches of the kingdom the Holy Sacrament remains exposed day and night, and great tapers burn, for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent; the bells ring no more; the carriages slacken their pace.

On the bed embroidered with lace the little Dauphin, whiter than the pillows on which he is extended, lies with closed eyes. They think that he is asleep; but no, the little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns towards his mother, and seeing her tears, he asks: —

“Madame la Reine, why do you weep? Do you really believe that I am going to die?”

The Queen tries to answer. Sobs prevent her from speaking.

“Do not weep, Madame la Reine. You forget that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die thus.”

At that moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin, and pointing to the crucifix, talks to him in low tones. The little Dauphin listens with astonished air; then, suddenly interrupting him, — “I understand well what you are saying, Monsieur l’Abbé; but still, couldn’t my little friend Beppo die in my place, if I gave him plenty of money?”

The chaplain continues to talk to him in low tones, and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin resumes, with a heavy sigh: — “What you have said is all very sad, Monsieur l’Abbé; but one thing consoles me, and that is that up there, in the Paradise of the stars, I shall still be Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank.”

A third time the chaplain bends over the little Dauphin and talks to him in low tones. In the midst of his discourse the royal child interrupts him angrily. “Why, then,” he cries, “to be Dauphin is nothing at all!” And refusing to listen to anything more, the little Dauphin turns towards the wall and weeps bitterly.

VICTOR OF MARENGO

ANONYMOUS

NAPOLÉON was sitting in his tent. Before him lay the map of Italy. He took four pins, stuck them up, measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right, I will capture him there." And the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo. But God thwarted Napoleon's schemes and the well-planned victory of Napoleon became a terrible defeat.

In the corps was a drummer boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. As the column halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat." The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy grasped his drumsticks, stepped forward and said: "O sire, I don't know how. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall in line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids once, and I beat it at Mt. Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi, and, oh! may I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! There is time to win a victory yet. Up! gamin, the charge! Beat the old charge of Mt. Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword gleam of Desaix, and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austria.

Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered. And, as the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen in front of the line, marching right on and still beating the furious charge.

To-day men point to Marengo with wonderment. They laud the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle; but they forget that Napoleon failed, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the child of destiny.

See *Napoleon and His Marshals* by J. T. Headley, published by Baker and Scribner, New York City, 1846.

SIDNEY CARTON'S PROPHECY

CHARLES DICKENS

THEY said of him about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. If he had given any utterance to his thoughts, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace.

I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence: I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place — then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement — and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and faltering voice.

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM

GEORGE BANCROFT

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands, and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North and South and East and West, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot; its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs at Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York, in one more at Philadelphia, the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore, then it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward, without a halt, to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

With one impulse the Colonies sprang to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other, "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "Liberty or Death!"

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER

GEORGE LIPPARD

IT was the 7th of October, 1777. . . . The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, . . . and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart.

Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. 'Along the height on which they stood came a rider on a black horse, rushing towards the distant battle . . . and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plain.

Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, towards the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemis' Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep — that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. . . . And now look! Now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! He falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on towards the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. . . . And there in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls; but his rider . . . lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb; and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. The rider of the black horse was Benedict Arnold.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

CHARLES WOLFE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

Few and short were they prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE MASTER AND MR.
HENRY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"HENRY DURIE," said the Master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall, I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me, as you very well know — your child even who prefers me to yourself; — how will those avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted, too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play; my head, besides, was gone with cold, and fear, and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and growing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till of a sudden, the Master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the Master beyond doubt, with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it; my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the Master lunging in the air stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

THE ENGLISH LARK

CHARLES READE

NEAR the gold mines of Australia, by a little squatter's house that was thatched and whitewashed in English fashion, a group of rough English miners had come together to listen in that far-away country to the singing of the English lark.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered around the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps; but after a while, he seemed to revive his memories and call his ancient cadences back to him. And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, outburst in that distant land his English song, but no note was changed in this immortal song. It swelled his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And so for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fledged days: the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover field hard by, in which he lay and gamboled while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates, and the sweet, sweet hours of youth and innocence and home.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

ROBERT BROWNING

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped; Dirk galloped; we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern; the lights sank to rest;
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
 'Twas moonset at starting; but when we drew near
 Lokern, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Duffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one.
 By Hasselt, Dirk groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely; the fault's not in her."
 So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 Till over by Dalhem, a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"
 "How they'll greet us!"— and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone.
 Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.
 And all I remember is — friends flocking around
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE RETURN OF RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

A GENERAL shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they?— name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand; war — Congress — Stony Point — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

THE TEA KETTLE AND THE CRICKET

CHARLES DICKENS

"IT'S a dark night," sang the kettle, "and the rotten leaves are lying by the way, and above all is mist and darkness, and below all is mire and clay, and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be."

And here, if you like, if the cricket did not chime in with chirrup, chirrup, chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus, with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle (size, you couldn't see it!)—that if it had then and there burst itself, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence.

The kettle had had the last of its solo performances. Yet they went very well together, the cricket and the kettle. There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle making play in the distance like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp, cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum! kettle not to be finished.

Until at last they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or whether the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided.

THE FEZZIWIG BALL

CHARLES DICKENS

“HO, ho, my boys!” cried Fezziwig. “No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let’s have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let’s have lots of room here!”

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn’t have cleared away, or couldn’t have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother’s particular friend, the milkman. In they all came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; old top-couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top-couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top-couple at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, “Well done!” and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for the purpose.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas.

ROMANCE

WILLIAM E. HENLEY

"TALK of pluck," pursued the Sailor,
Set at euchre on his elbow,
"I was on the wharf at Charleston,
Just ashore from off the runner.

"It was grey and dirty weather,
And I heard a drum go rolling,
Rub-a-dubbing in the distance,
Awful dour-like and defiant.

"In and out among the cotton,
Mud and chains, and stores, and anchors,
Tramped a squad of battered scarecrows —
Poor old Dixie's bottom dollar.

"Some had shoes, but all had rifles,
Them that wasn't bald was beardless,
And the drum was rolling Dixie,
And they stepped to it like men, sir!

"Rags and tatters, belts and bayonets,
On they swung, the drum a-rolling,
Mum and sour. It looked like fighting,
And they meant it too, by thunder."

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed and swore;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown
 And type of all her race.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
 Like dreams, to come and go;
 Bright leagues of cherry blossom gleamed,
 One sheet of living snow;
 The smoke, above his father's door,
 In gray soft eddyings hung:
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honor calls!— with strength like steel
 He put the vision by.
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
 An English lad must die.
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
 Vain, those all-shattering guns;
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons.
 So, let his name through Europe ring —
 A man of mean estate.
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king
 Because his soul was great.

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE American people will always remember that hot summer morning and the anxiety that overspread the land. They will always see the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to Sunday inspection. Then comes the long, thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall. Every ship is in place; every ship rushes forward, closing in upon the enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. On they go, driving through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer, and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the younger officers and the men of their victorious ships periling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the Gloucester as eager in rescue as he was swift in fight. We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as tender and gentle as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from admiral to seamen, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.

THE CHEERFUL LOCKSMITH

CHARLES DICKENS

FROM the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was the perfect embodiment of the still, small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babes to its ringing;—still the same magical tink, tink, tink came gaily from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun, shining through the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freeest, happiest man in all the world.

Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

THE RETURN OF THE REGISTRAR

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH ("Q")

THE Registrar's mother lived in the fishing village, two miles down the coombe. Her cottage leant back against the cliff so closely, that the boys, as they followed the path above, could toss tabs of turf down her chimney; and this was her chief annoyance.

Now, it was close upon the dinner-hour, and she stood in her kitchen beside a pot of stew that simmered over the wreck-wood fire.

Suddenly a great clump of earth and grass came bouncing down the chimney, striking from side to side, and soused into the pot, scattering the hot stew over the hearthstone and splashing her from head to foot. Quick as a thought, she caught up a besom and rushed around the corner of the cottage. "You stinking young adders!" she began.

A big man stood on the slope above her. "Mother, cuff my head, that's a dear. I couldn't help doing it."

It was the elderly Registrar. His hat, collar, tie, and waistcoat were awry; his boots were slung on the walking-stick over his shoulder; stuck in his mouth and lit was a twist of root-fibre, such as country boys use for lack of cigars, and he himself had used, forty years before.

The old woman turned to an ash color, leant on her besom and gasped:—"William Henry!"

"I'm not drunk, mother; been a Band of Hope these dozen years." He stepped down the slope to her and bent his head low. "Box my ears, mother, quick! You used to have a wonderful gift o' cuffin'."

"William Henry, I'm bound to do it or die."

"Then be quick about it."

Half-laughing, half-sobbing, she caught him a feeble cuff, and the next instant held him close to her old breast. The Registrar disengaged himself after a minute, brushed his eyes, straightened his hat, picked up her besom and offered her his arm. They passed into the cottage together.

THE VICTOR

PERCY MACKAYE

ON a battlefield of northern France the sun had just set. After hours of bloody fighting, the enemy had retreated.

Seated on a round, stumplike object, one lonely figure, huge and forlorn, loomed in the crimson glow.

He was dressed in gorgeous regalia, almost unscorched by the grime of battle. His big shoulders drooped. In one hand he held a little rod of dark wood. He stared at it dumbly.

Suddenly out of the dusk a detachment of French troopers approached and surrounded him.

"Surrender, or be shot!"

The figure stirred with slow dignity, but deigned no reply. Instead, he raised the little rod to his bearded face and kissed it.

Struck with curiosity, the Frenchmen — who were peasants — examined their prisoner more closely: Scarlet, blue, gold, orange — a superb uniform; the breast and shoulders gleaming with decorations.

Here was no common soldier in gray field-clothes. Unmistakably he had the air of a commander — a dreamy pathos, a disdainful scorn of their presence. Their Gallic imagination took fire. They whispered together. Whom could they have captured: a general? — a prince?

He carried no weapons, but — that little black rod: he had kissed it! Might it be —? (They had heard of scepters.) Might this really be — a king? — or the war-lord of some imperial principality, scornful of flight, grandly stoical in defeat? Their peasant hearts fluttered.

"Who are you?" their leader asked in German.

"Who I am!" retorted the huge figure with melancholy disdain. "Who I am! I am the Imperial Band-master."

Throned on a drum and sceptered with a baton, clothed in the gorgeous habiliments of pageantry, the Imperial Band-master — to-day as ever — is overlord of the battle fields of Europe; though Czar and Kaiser fall, his scepter remains unchallenged. . . . For his domain, as old and elemental as man, is the empire of Art.

FORENSIC AND DIDACTIC

THE NAMES OF NAVAL HEROES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MOST men of high destinies have high-sounding names. Pym and Habakkuk may do pretty well, but they must not think to cope with the Cromwells and Isaiahs. And you could not find a better case in point than that of the English Admirals. Drake and Rooke and Hawke are picked names for men of execution. Frobisher, Rodney, Boscawen, Foul-Weather, Jack Byron, are all good to catch the eye in a page of a naval history. Cloudesley Shovel is a mouthful of quaint and sounding syllables. Benbow has a bulldog quality that suits the man's character, and it takes us back to those English archers who were his true comrades for plainness, tenacity, and pluck. Raleigh is spirited and martial, and signifies an act of bold conduct in the field. It is impossible to judge of Blake or Nelson, no names current among men being worthy of such heroes. But still it is odd enough, and very appropriate in this connection, that the latter was greatly taken with his Sicilian title. "The signification, perhaps, pleased him," says Southey; "Duke of Thunder was what in Dahomey would have been called a *strong name*; it was to a sailor's taste, and certainly to no man could it be more applicable." Admiral in itself is one of the most satisfactory of distinctions; it has a noble sound and a very proud history; and Columbus thought so highly of it that he enjoined his heirs to sign themselves by that title as long as the house should last.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE charm of Stratford-on-Avon is twofold; it is enfolded by some of the loveliest and most characteristic English scenery, and it is the home of the greatest English literary tradition. Lying in the very heart of the country, it seems to be guarded as a place sacred to the memory of the foremost man of expression who has yet appeared among the English-speaking peoples. It has become a town of some magnitude, with a prosperous trade in malt and corn; but its importance is due wholly to the fact that it is the custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace, of the school in which he was trained, of the house in which he courted Anne Hathaway, of the ground on which he built his home, and of the church in which he lies buried. The place is full of Shakespearean associations; of localities which he knew in the years of his dawning intelligence, and in those later years when he returned to take his place as a householder and citizen; the old churches with which as a child he was familiar are still standing, substantially as they stood at the end of the sixteenth century; the Grammar School still teaches boys of to-day within the walls that listened to the same recitations three hundred years ago; the houses of his children and friends are, in several instances, still secure from the destructive hand of time; there are still wide stretches of sloping hillside shaded by the ancient forest of Arden; there are quaint half-timbered fronts upon which he must have looked; the "bank where the wild thyme blows" is still to be found by those who know the foot-path to Shottery and the road over the hill; the Warwickshire landscape has the same ripe and tender beauty which Shakespeare knew; and the Avon flows as in the days when he heard the nightingales singing in the level meadows across the river from the church, or slipped silently in his punt through the mist which softly veils it on summer nights.

From *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*. The Macmillan Company.

SHAKESPEARE'S EDUCATION

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

SHAKESPEARE has sometimes been represented as a boy of obscure parentage and vulgar surroundings; he was, as a matter of fact, the son of a man of energy and substance, the foremost citizen of Stratford. He has often been represented as wholly lacking educational opportunities; he was, as a matter of fact, especially fortunate in educational opportunities of the most fertilizing and stimulating kind. The singular misconception which has identified education exclusively with formal academic training has made it possible to hold men of the genius of Shakespeare, Burns, and Lincoln before the world as exceptions to the law that no art can be mastered save through a thorough educational process. If Burns and Lincoln were not so near us, the authorship of "Tam o' Shanter" and the Gettysburg address would have been challenged on the ground of inadequate preparation for such masterpieces of expression.

These three masters of speech were exceptionally well educated for their art, for no man becomes an artist except by the way of apprenticeship; but their education was individual rather than formal, and liberating rather than disciplinary. The two poets were saturated in the most sensitive period in the unfolding of the imagination with the very genius of the people among whom they were to work and whose deepest instincts they were to interpret. Their supreme good fortune lay in the fact that they were educated through the imagination rather than through the memory and the rationalizing faculties. A man sometimes gets this kind of education in the schools, but oftener he misses it. He is always supremely fortunate if he gets it all.

But Shakespeare was by no means lacking in educational opportunities of a formal kind. The Grammar School, in which Cicero and Virgil have been taught in unbroken succession since Shakespeare's time, was a free school, taking boys of the neighbourhood from seven years upwards, and keeping them on the benches with generous disregard of hours. There is abundant evidence that Shakespeare knew other languages and literatures than his own.

From *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*. The Macmillan Company.

REPLY TO MR. CORRY

HENRY GRATTAN

HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary; but, before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

The right honorable gentleman has called me an "unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not traitor unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it is unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I say he is one who has abused the privileges of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer with a blow.

I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentlemen; I defy the government; I defy the whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this house, in defense of the liberties of my country.

REPLY TO WALPOLE

WILLIAM PITT

THE atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny.

But youth is not my only crime; I am accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarity of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, — which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainies, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

TO THE WHITE MAN

EDWARD EVERETT

WHITE man, there is an eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those dashing water-falls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

Stranger! the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

The stranger came, a timid suppliant, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his woman and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, "It is mine."

Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west?—the fierce Mohawk—the man eater—is my foe. Shall I fly to the east?—the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

THE INDIANS

CHARLES SPRAGUE

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in yon sedgy lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along yon rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun.

MACGREGOR'S DEFENSE

WALTER SCOTT

CAN I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult; the very name, which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with? And they shall find that the name they have dared to prescribe, that the name of MacGregor, is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. They shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change!

The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people, and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view the bloody edicts against us, their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honorable name, as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies? Here I stand, have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood, and yet, they would betray me, and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill-will at me.

But the heather that I have trod upon when living, must bloom over me when I am dead. My heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills. Nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of these rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES

EDMUND BURKE

AS to the wealth which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson Bay and Davis Straits, while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people — a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

AGAINST THE WAR WITH AMERICA

WILLIAM PITT

MY lords, you cannot,— I venture to say it — *you cannot* conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, it is impossible.— You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never!

TO THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES

PATRICK HENRY

THREE millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "Peace! Peace!" — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

IT was a brilliant April night. The winter had been unusually mild and the spring very forward. The hills were already green; the early grain waved in the fields, and the air was sweet with blossoming orchards. Under the cloudless moon, the soldiers silently marched, and Paul Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went, spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols, who had been sent out to stop the news.

Stop the news! Already the village church bells were beginning to ring the alarm, as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal guns flashed and echoed. The watchdogs barked; the cocks crew.

Stop the news! Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired. And as, long ago, the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore, wailing that great Pan was dead, but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, "Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born," so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and loyal heart to portend the passing glory of British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration, "Good will to men; America is born!"

ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves, whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves to be consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and the conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion. If we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember that they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad — their men are conscious of it. If they are opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours.

FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN

GEORGE WASHINGTON

IN offering to you, my Countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish,—that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our Nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischief of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible to my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors.—Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend.—I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free Government,—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

WE come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, let it rise! till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

THE SURVIVORS OF BUNKER HILL

DANIEL WEBSTER

VENERABLE men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. . . . All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF LIBERTY AND UNION

DANIEL WEBSTER

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dis-severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,— Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

A RUB-A-DUB AGITATION

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

SO long as people said: "Oh, yes, slavery is a very bad thing, but there is nothing to be done about it, you know," the Southern Policy smiled politely and worked diligently at its web in which the country was entangled. But when a few other people said: "Yes, slavery is a bad thing, and will destroy the nation if the nation does not destroy it," Mr. Calhoun knew that the open battle was at hand. He sprang to his feet. "What does it mean?" asked he, the representative man of the South, of Mr. Webster, the representative man of the North. "Nothing, nothing; a rub-a-dub agitation," replied Mr. Webster. A rub-a-dub agitation! Oh, yes, so it was. It was the beating of the roll call at midnight. The camp slept no more; and morning breaks at last in the storm of a war that shakes the world.

Yes, it was a rub-a-dub agitation. It was a drumbeat that echoed over every mountain and penetrated every valley and roused the heart of the land to throb in unison. To that rub-a-dub a million men appeared at Lincoln's call, and millions of women supported them. To that rub-a-dub the brave and beautiful and beloved went smiling to their graves. To that rub-a-dub Grant forced his fiery way through the Wilderness; following its roll, Sherman marched to the sea, and Sheridan scoured the Shenandoah. The rattling shots of the Kearsarge sinking the Alabama were only the far-off echoes of that terrible drum-beat. To that rub-a-dub the walls of the rebellion and of slavery crumbled at last and forever, as the walls of Jericho before the horns of Israel. That tremendous rub-a-dub, played by the hearts and hands of a great people, fills the land to-day with the celestial music of liberty, and to that people, still thrilling to that music, we appeal!

THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

SCHOLARS, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease, loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty years ago, and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hill-side, the river meadows, golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, and child, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plow, and turned to go, without waiting. Wooster heard it, and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was dear, and love was beautiful to those young men as it is to us who stand upon their graves. But, because they were so dear and beautiful, those men went out bravely to fight for them, and fell.

Gentlemen, while we read history we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because, two thousand years ago, Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor, thank God, that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a Pass of Thermopylae, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they can not conquer. And, so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves, and mighty as the sea.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

TO the Army of the Potomac belongs the unique distinction of being its own hero. It fought more battles and lost more in killed and wounded than all the others; it shed its blood like water to teach incompetent officers the art of war, and political tacticians the folly of their plans; but it was always the same invincible and undismayed Army of the Potomac. Loyal ever to its mission and to discipline, the only sound it gave in protest of the murderous folly of cabinets and generals was the crackling of the bones as cannon-balls ploughed through its decimated ranks. It suffered for four years under unparalleled abuse, and was encouraged by little praise, but never murmured.

When Lincoln and Grant and Sherman, firmly holding behind them the vengeful passions of the Civil War, put out their victorious arms to the South and said, "We are brethren," this generous and patriotic army joined in the glad acclaim and welcome with their fervent "Amen." Twenty-two years have come and gone since you marched down Pennsylvania Avenue past the people's representatives, to whom you and your Western comrades there committed the government you had saved and the liberties you had redeemed; past Americans from whose citizenship you had wiped with your blood the only stain, and made it the proudest of earthly titles. Call the roll. The names reverberate from earth to heaven. "All present or accounted for." Here the living answer for the dead; there the spirits of the dead answer for the living. As God musters them out on earth, He enrolls them above; and as the Republic marches down the ages, accumulating power and splendor with each succeeding century, the van will be led by the Army of the Potomac.

From an oration delivered at the reunion of the Army of the Potomac at Saratoga, June 22, 1887.

A VISION OF WAR

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

THE past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. . . . We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom . . .

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war — . . . through the towns and across the prairies — down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields — in all the hospitals of pain — on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life blood ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty — they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless. . . . Earth may run red with other wars — they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

THE NEW SOUTH

HENRY W. GRADY

LET me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket his parole, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. The new South is enamored with her work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

A PLEA FOR FORCE

JOHN MELLEN THURSTON

MR. PRESIDENT, there is only one action possible. We cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. But it will be God's force. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force?

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on."

CUBAN WARFARE

LEMUEL E. QUIGG

MR. SPEAKER, I hardly think it worth while to discuss the moot question of whether the conditions that exist in Cuba are or are not a state of war; and of even less importance is the quaint contention that belligerent rights should be denied the Cuban people because they are not fighting according to the rules of warfare laid down by professors of international law.

How are they fighting? Why, sir, they are fighting in a way that has enabled them within a single year to extend their authority from a single spot in a single province all over the island until only three or four seaport cities remain to the Spanish crown.

The way to fight, I take it, is to win. And that art, sir, the Cuban soldiery has learned in a degree that commands the admiration of all the world. This may not be war, sir; but I give you my word it is no summer's holiday.

It has been said that the forces fight in disorder. So did the farmer lads at Bunker Hill. It has been said that the Cuban government frequently moves. So did the Continental Congress. They say the Cuban armies are little bands of guerillas. So were Marion's men. So was Sumpter's brigade. So, indeed, were all the armies of the Revolution, the total number of whom is not half the force that is now engaged for Cuba free. I say, too, gentlemen, that it is not for us, the sons of the ragged and forlorn miseries who froze at Valley Forge and starved in the swamps of the Carolinas, but out of whose glorious aspiration and noble daring free government was born, to sneer at the distresses through which the men of Cuba, brave with the same hope, fierce with the same passion, are fighting their hard way to freedom!

OUR COUNTRY

BENJAMIN HARRISON

THESE banners with which you have covered your walls, these patriotic inscriptions must come down, and the way of commerce and trade be resumed again. I will ask you to carry these banners that now hang on the wall into your homes, into the public schools of your city, into all your great institutions where children are gathered, and to drape them there, that the eyes of the young and of the old may look upon that flag as one of the familiar adornments of the American home.

Have we not learned that not stocks nor bonds nor stately houses nor lands nor the product of the mill, is our country? It is the spiritual thought that is in our minds. Our country is the flag and what it stands for — its glorious history. It is the fireside and the home. It is the high thoughts that are in our hearts, born of the inspiration which comes with the stories of our fathers, the martyrs to liberty. It is the graveyards into which our careful country has gathered the unconscious dust of those who have died for its defense. It is these things that we love and call our country, rather than things, however rated, that can be touched or handled.

To elevate the morals of our people; to hold up the law as that sacred thing, which, like the ark of God of old, cannot be touched by irreverent hands; to frown upon every attempt to displace its supremacy; to unite our people in all that makes home pure and honorable, as well as to give our energies to the material advancement of the country; these services we may render every day; and out of this great demonstration do we not all feel like reconsecrating ourselves to the love and service of our country?

HOLIDAY OBSERVANCE

GROVER CLEVELAND

THE commemoration of the day on which American independence was born has been allowed to lose much of its significance as a reminder of the Providential favor and of the inflexible patriotism of the fathers of the republic, and has nearly degenerated into a revel of senseless noise and aimless explosion, leaving in its train far more mishap and accident than lessons of good citizenship and pride of country. The observance of Thanksgiving Day is kept alive through its annual designation by Federal and State authority. But it is worth while to inquire whether its original meaning, as a day of united praise and gratitude to God for the blessings bestowed upon us as a people and as individuals, is not smothered in feasting and social indulgence. We, in common with Christian nations everywhere, celebrate Christmas, but how much less as a day commemorating the birth of the Redeemer of mankind than as a day of hilarity and the exchange of gifts.

I am an advocate of every kind of sane, decent, social enjoyment, and all sorts of recreation. But, nevertheless, I feel that the allowance of an incongruous possession by them of our commemorative days is symptomatic of a popular tendency by no means reassuring.

A prominent and widely-read newspaper contains a communication in regard to the observance of the birthday of the late President McKinley. Its tone plainly indicates that the patriotic society, which has for its primary purpose the promotion of this particular commemoration, recognizes the need of a revival of interest in the observance of all other memorial days.

It is comforting to know that, in the midst of the prevailing apathy, there are those among us who have determined that the memory of the events and lives we should commemorate shall not be smothered in the dust and smoke of sordidness, nor crushed out by ruthless materialism.

THE IDEAL REPUBLIC

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

I CAN conceive of a national destiny surpassing the glories of the present and the past — a destiny which meets the responsibilities of to-day and measures up to the possibilities of the future.

Behold a republic, resting securely upon the foundation stones quarried by revolutionary patriots from the mountain of eternal truth — a republic applying in practice and proclaiming to the world the self-evident proposition that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with inalienable rights; that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Behold a republic in which civil and religious liberty stimulate all to earnest endeavour, and in which the law restrains every hand uplifted for a neighbour's injury — a republic in which every citizen is a sovereign, but in which no one cares to wear a crown.

Behold a republic standing erect, while empires all around are bowed beneath the weight of their own armaments — a republic whose flag is loved, while other flags are only feared.

Behold a republic increasing in population, in wealth, in strength and influence, solving the problems of civilization and hastening the coming of a universal brotherhood — a republic which shakes thrones and dissolves aristocracies by its silent example, and gives light and protection to those who sit in darkness.

Behold a republic gradually but surely becoming the supreme moral factor in the world's progress and the accepted arbiter of the world's disputes — a republic whose history, like the path of the just, is "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

ON IMMORTALITY

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

IF the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will he leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If he stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will he refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am as sure we live again as I am sure that we live to-day.

In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than thirty centuries in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them, this thought came into my mind: If one of those grains had been planted on the banks of the Nile the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants had been planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would to-day be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world.

There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has power to discard the body that we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust.

From *The Prince of Peace*, a lecture delivered at many Chautauquas and religious gatherings, beginning in 1904.

IN PRAISE OF VENICE

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

THE Venice that you see in the sunlight of a summer's day — the Venice that bewilders with her glory when you land at her water gate; that delights with her color when you idle along the Riva; that intoxicates with her music as you lie in your gondola adrift on the bosom of some breathless lagoon — the Venice of mould-stained palace, quaint caffè and arching bridge; of fragrant incense, cool, dim-lighted church, and noiseless priest; of strong men and graceful women — the Venice of light and life, of sea and sky, and melody — no pen can tell this story. The pencil and palette must lend their touch when one would picture the wide sweep of her piazzas, the abandon of her gardens, the charm of her canal and street life, the happy indolence of her people, the faded sumptuousness of her homes.

If I have given to Venice a prominent place among the cities of the earth, it is because in this selfish, materialistic, money-getting age it is a joy to live, if only for a day, where a song is more prized than a soldo; where the poorest pauper laughingly shares his scanty crust; where to be kind to a child is a habit, to be neglectful of old age a shame; a city the relics of whose past are the lessons of our future; whose every canvas, stone, and bronze bear witness to a grandeur, luxury, and taste that took a thousand years of energy to perfect, and will take a thousand years of neglect to destroy.

To every one of my art-loving countrymen this city should be a Mecca; to know her thoroughly is to know all the beauty and romance of five centuries.

SUN DIALS

CHARLES LAMB

WHAT a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and to be led to fold by. The shepherd carved it out quaintly in the sun; and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of a gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy.

How well the skillful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers.

EULOGY ON THE DOG

GEORGE A. VEST

GENTLEMEN of the Jury—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the Jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against the enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

BESIDE THE GLIMMERGLASS

MORGAN DIX

ON a Saturday afternoon, in the midsummer of last year, I found myself by chance on the southern shore of Otsego Lake, looking northward on a scene which for quiet and soothing beauty can hardly be surpassed. Before me lay the mirror of the Glimmerglass; warm lights threw a flush upon the skies; the day was going away; the omens of the evening were already in the clouds; a breeze, scarcely strong enough to ruffle the water, came from the western hills; the woods were reflected in their native colors along the silent shore. But below was more than what met the eye. Through and under this exterior beauty, voices could be heard, speaking of the mystery of the natural world. Here are depths which no man has yet sounded, not philosopher nor poet; here is a mystery which thus far defies our search — whence, and how, came this wondrous, beautiful world; *when* it was made; and *why* it was made “subject to vanity”; how long, before man appeared on the earth, his destiny and doom were foreshadowed there; how he, in his fortunes, is linked to what he calls “nature”; by what bond and to what extent it is so related to him as to sympathize with him in his sorrows, and partake of his hope — what poet, what philosopher, what theologian has told us the whole truth on these points? Of them might one readily be led to muse, while looking upon the lake, confronted by forests and hills, and the perspective of point, bluff, and mountain; for at such times and in such places, men become aware of some unspeakable strangeness in their life, and, keeping silence before mysterious and dimly indicated presences, they know that it must be possible to draw its hidden meaning from God’s world, from hill and plain, from deep, still waters and shadowy woods, from the currents of the evening breeze and the outstretched shadows of ebbing day.

THE VERA CRUZ DEAD

WOODROW WILSON

MR. SECRETARY: I know that the feelings which characterize all who stand about me and the whole nation at this hour are not feelings which can be suitably expressed in terms of attempted oratory or eloquence. They are things too deep for ordinary speech. For my own part, I have a singular mixture of feelings. The feeling which is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death, and yet there is mixed with that grief a profound pride that they should have gone as they did, and, if I may say it out of my heart, a touch of envy of those who were permitted so quietly, so nobly, to do their duty.

Notice how truly these men were of our blood. I mean of our American blood, which is not drawn from any one country, which is not drawn from any one stock, which is not drawn from any one language of the modern world; but free men everywhere have sent their sons and their brothers and their daughters to this country in order to make that great compounded nation which consists of all the sturdy elements and of all the best elements of the whole globe. I listened again to this list with a profound interest at the mixture of names, for the names bear the marks of the several national stocks from which these men came. But they are not Irishmen or Germans or Frenchmen or Hebrews or Italians any more. They were not when they went to Vera Cruz; they were Americans, every one of them, and with no difference in their Americanism because of the stock from which they came.

They were in a peculiar sense of our blood and they proved it by showing that they were of our spirit — that no matter what their derivation, no matter where their people came from, they thought and wished and did the things that were American; and the flag under which they served was a flag in which all the blood of mankind is united to make a free nation.

ENLISTED MEN

WOODROW WILSON

WAR, gentlemen, is only a sort of dramatic representation, a sort of dramatic symbol, of a thousand forms of duty. I never went into battle; I never was under fire; but I fancy there are some things just as hard to do as to go under fire. I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you. When they shoot at you, they can only take your natural life; when they sneer at you, they can wound your living heart, and men who are brave enough, steadfast enough, steady in their principles enough, to go about their duty with regard to their fellowmen, no matter whether there are hisses or cheers, men who can do what Rudyard Kipling in one of his poems wrote, "Meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two imposters just the same," are men for a nation to be proud of. Morally speaking, disaster and triumph are imposters. The cheers of the moment are not what a man ought to think about, but the verdict of his conscience and the consciences of mankind.

When I look at you, I feel as if I also and we all were enlisted men, not enlisted in your particular branch of the service, but enlisted to serve the country, no matter what may come, even though we may waste our lives in the arduous endeavor. We are expected to put the utmost energy of every power that we have into the service of our fellow-men, never sparing ourselves, not condescending to think of what is going to happen to ourselves, but ready, if need be, to go the utter length of complete self-sacrifice.

As I stand and look at you to-day and think of these spirits that have gone from us, I know that the road is clearer for the future. These boys have shown us the way, and it is easier to walk on it because they have gone before and shown us how. May God grant to all of us that vision of patriotic service which here in solemnity and grief and pride is borne in upon our hearts and consciences!

THE CATHEDRAL

MORGAN DIX

HERE stands the sacred pile, every square foot teaching a lesson and expressing a truth. The western front faces a storm-swept world, as a barrier of rock the angry sea; figures of Archangel and Angel, Apostles, Saints, and Warriors seem to repel the powers of darkness; grotesque shapes here and there suggest the strange, incongruous elements so warded off lest they might disturb the peace of the Holy City. The western towers represent the Apostolic Ministry, firm and unshaken. The portals, enriched with leaf, flower, and fruit, and deeply cusped and shafted, welcome the approaching pilgrim, whom sweet and peaceful countenances also regard as he draws nigh. He sees the long sweep of the wall and roof line, the transepts, the flying buttresses, throwing their arms across the sky; and there, above, the spire rises, and melts away into the air, catching the first rays of the morning light, flushed by the sunset, and holding up the everlasting cross amidst the stars of night.

Enter, and hushed now be soul and heart, for we are in another world. There are the calm of the deep green woods, the "stillness of the central sea." The arcades of the forest are before us; piers and columns stand to the right and left, like the monarchs of the grove; above is the roof for a sky; pictures, mosaics, colors, rainbow hues, make it "all glorious within."

Lesser altars, each with its ornaments, catch the eye, but it rests, finally, upon the central throne of the Presence. And now, it may be, while eyes are full, and heart as though it could hold no more, shall come the sound of music, which, rolling in deep diapason, fills the air; and chants are heard like the voices of eternity and the songs of the New Jerusalem; and forth, in procession, with cross and banner, with cope and shining vestment, come figures, which approach, and ascend the grades of the choir and the altar steps, and show forth The Death, till He come.

A GREAT WAR AND ITS LESSONS

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

OUR usual interests however great, our usual problems however pressing, all seem petty and insignificant in view of what has befallen the world. The murky clouds of cruel, relentless war, lit by the lightning flash of great guns and made more terrible by the thunderous booming of cannon, hang over the European countries that we know and love so well. The great scholars that we would have so gladly welcomed here, have not come to us. They are killing and being killed across the sea. Friends and colleagues whom we honor are filled with hate toward each other. Mankind is back in the primeval forest, with the elemental brute passions finding a truly fiendish expression. The only apparent use of science is to enable men to kill other men more quickly and in greater numbers. The only apparent service of philosophy is to make the worse appear the better reason. The only apparent evidence of the existence of religion is the fact that divergent and impious appeals to a palpably pagan God, have led him, in perplexed distress, to turn over the affairs of Europe to an active and singularly accomplished devil.

What are we to think? Is science a sham? Is philosophy a pretence? Is religion a mere rumor? Is the great international structure of friendship, good-will and scholarly co-operation only an illusion? Are the long and devoted labors of scholars and of statesmen to enthrone Justice in the place of Brute Force, . . . all without effect? Are Lowell's lines true: —

Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne?

The answer is No; a thousand times, No!

. . . . We may yet live to see our great policies of peace generally assented to, and, as a result, the world's resources set free to improve the lot of peoples, to advance science and scholarship, and to raise humanity to a level yet unheard of. Here lies the path of national glory for us, and here is the call to action in the near future.

From an address delivered at Columbia University at the opening of the academic year, 1914.

THE DIGNITY OF WORK

THOMAS CARLYLE

THERE is a perpetual nobleness in work. There is always hope in a man that works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Two men I honor, and no third. First the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Toil on, toil on: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty? If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

THE WILDERNESS ROAD

JAMES LANE ALLEN

HISTORY was thicker here than along the Appian Way. Ages before — before Job's sheep lay sick in the land of Uz — before a lion had lain down to dream in the jungle where Babylon was to arise and to become a name, — this old, old, old high road may have been a footpath of the awful mastodon.

Ay, for ages the mastodon had trodden this dust. And, ay, for ages later the bison. And, ay, for ages a people, over whose vanished towns and forts and graves had grown the trees of a thousand years, holding in the mighty claws of their roots the dust of those long, long secrets. And for centuries later still along this path had crept or rushed or fled the Indians; now coming from over the Southern mountains; now from the sad frozen forests and steely marges of the Lakes: both eager for the chase at first and then more eager for each other's death for the sake of the whole chase: so that this immemorial game-trace had become a war-path — a long dim forest street alive with the advance and retreat of plume-bearing, vermilion-painted armies; and its rich black dust had been dyed from end to end with the red of the heart.

And last of all into this ancient woodland street of war one day there had stepped a strange new-comer — the Anglo-Saxon, in whose blood beat the conquest of many a wilderness before this — the wilderness of Britain, the wilderness of Normandy, the wildernesses of the Black, of the Hercinian forest, the wilderness of the frosted marshes of the Elbe and the Rhine and of the North Sea's wildest wandering foam and fury.

Here white lover and red lover had met and fought. And already the red lover was gone and the fair-haired lover stood the quiet owner of the road, the last of all its long train of conquerors brute and human — with his cabin near by, his wife smiling beside the spinning-wheel, his baby crowing on the threshold.

TRUTH IN SPEECH

JOHN H. FINLEY

I HAVE attempted a catalogue of those who do not tell the truth: first are those who do not know the truth and who tell it, if ever, by accident; second are those who know the truth, but, knowing it, have no wish to tell it or refuse to tell it; and third are those who know the truth, or who know it vaguely, and who desire to tell it, but know not how to tell it.

These intimate the three ends of education: to know the truth, to be willing to tell it, and then to be able to speak it. We may have to leave to the few, even in a democracy, the finding of the truth, but if this democracy is to be the splendid thing we dream of, the many must be willing and courageous to tell the truth they receive, and able to tell it. In the Old World it is being said that the democratization of education is resulting in a deterioration of speech. That may mean only that certain traditional conventions are no longer observed; but if it means that language is becoming less clear, less accurately truthful, less faithful to the thought which sends it forth, the life of the whole people will suffer.

The people of this country have fought for free speech, but, that won, will not be of lasting avail if there is not clear, courageous, truthful speech. And I am thinking that what this democracy most clearly asks of her colleges is that they shall send forth lovers of pure speech, of honest speech, who can teach her children, who can write her laws for her, who can compose an amendment to the constitution that is its own interpretation, who can discover to others in plain, unambiguous English, the good which they have learned, discerning it from the evil.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE BARREL-ORGAN

ALFRED NOYES

THERE'S a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
 And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
 And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
 That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;
 And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
 In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
 And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
 And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
 And now it's prattling softly to the moon,
 And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
 Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
 To remember and to recompense the music evermore
 For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .
 And there *La Traviata* sighs
 Another sadder song;
 And there *Il Trovatore* cries
 A tale of deeper wrong;
 And bolder knights to battle go
 With shield and sword and lance,
 Than ever here on earth below
 Have whirled into — *a dance*—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
 And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

SAM WALTER FOSS

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self content.
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran:—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan:—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

WILLIAM HUBERT CARRUTH

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,
 A crystal and a cell,
 A jellyfish and a saurian,
 And caves where cave-men dwell;
 Then a sense of law and beauty
 And a face turned from the clod,—
 Some call it Evolution,
 And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
 The infinite, tender sky,
 The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
 And the wild geese sailing high;
 And all over upland and lowland
 The sign of the golden-rod,—
 Some of us call it Autumn,
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
 Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in:
 Come from the mystic ocean,
 Whose rim no foot has trod,—
 Some of us call it Longing,
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
 A mother starved for her brood,
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And millions who, humble and nameless,
 The straight, hard pathway plod,—
 Some call it Consecration,
 And others call it God.

A BIRTHNIGHT CANDLE

JOHN FINLEY

A CANDLE, waiter! Thank you. No, 'tis not
 To light a cigarette. I wish its flame
 For better use. A little nearer, please.
 For if the guests should see, they'd wonder—well,
 But you do know that I have touched no wine
 This hallowed night, this night the lad was born.
 The brilliant banquet-hall of myriad lamps
 Will not deny me this one little blaze
 From all its dazzling wealth to celebrate
 His natal festival. Do you, perchance,
 Not have this custom, garçon, in old France,
 Of lighting candles on a birthday cake,
 And quenching then each flame with some fond wish?
 Well, I have said that wheresoe'er this night
 O'ertook me exiled from his happy face,
 I'd blow a candle out with such desire
 As could have speech but in a lambent flame
 Piercing the mystery of space about.
 This night has found me guest at this high feast,
 Companioned of famed men, but with my thought
 Ever of him and her who gave him birth.
 And here's the candle. For some holy rite
 'T was doubtless fashioned. . . .

There! It has gone, and never light since God
 Divided day from dark has borne a prayer
 More ardent than this wish for him whose name
 I, bearing, vow anew to keep from stain.

Put back the candle in its golden cup.
 No, thank you, waiter; no liqueur for me,
 But just a little coffee. Yes, two lumps.
 (The smoke is getting in my eyes.) That's all.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

EDWIN MARKHAM

IS this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land;
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
 To feel the passion of Eternity?

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
 Slave of the wheel of labour, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
 Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;
 Touch it again with immortality;
 Give back the upward looking and the light;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 How will the future reckon with this man?
 How answer his brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
 After the silence of the centuries?

BALLADE OF DEAD ACTORS

WILLIAM E. HENLEY

WHERE are the passions they essayed,
 And where the tears they made to flow?
 Where the wild humours they portrayed
 For laughing worlds to see and know?
 Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
 Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
 And Millamant and Romeo?
 Into the night go one and all.

Where are the braveries, fresh or frayed?
 The plumes, the amours — friend and foe?
 The cloth of gold, the rare brocade,
 The mantles glittering to and fro?
 The pomp, the pride, the royal show?
 The cries of war and festival?
 The youth, the grace, the charm, the glow?
 Into the night go one and all.

The curtain falls, the play is played:
 The Beggar packs beside the Beau;
 The Monarch troops, and troops the Maid;
 The Thunder huddles with the Snow.
 Where are the revellers high and low?
 The clashing swords? The lover's call?
 The dancers gleaming, row on row?
 Into the night go one and all.

Prince, in one common overthrow
 The Hero tumbles with the Thrall:
 As dust that drives, as straws that blow,
 Into the night go one and all.

THE LAST BUCCANEER

CHARLES KINGSLEY

OH, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high;
 But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
 And such a port for Mariners I ne'er shall see again,
 As the pleasant Isle of Avés, beside the Spanish main.
 There were forty craft in Avés that were both swift and stout,
 All furnish'd well with small arms and cannons round about:
 And a thousand men in Avés made laws so fair and free
 To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.
 Thence we sail'd against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
 Which he wrung by cruel tortures from the Indian folk of old;
 Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
 Which flog men and keel-haul them and starve them to the bone.
 Oh, the palms grew high in Avés and fruits that shone like gold,
 And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
 Oh, sweet it was in Avés to hear the landward breeze,
 A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees.
 But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be,
 So the King's ships sail'd on Avés and quite put down were we.
 All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
 And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from the fight.
 But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
 And brought me home to England here to beg until I die.
 And now I'm old and going I'm sure I can't tell where;
 One comfort is, this world's so hard I can't be worse off there:
 If I might be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main
 To the pleasant Isle of Avés, to look at it once again.

THE LOST LEADER

ROBERT BROWNING

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:
 How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
 We shall march prospering, — not thro' his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
 Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
 Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
 Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

MY LORD TOMNODDY

ROBERT BARNABAS BROUGH

MY Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an Earl;
 His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl:
 His Lordship's forehead is far from wide,
 But there's plenty of room for the brains inside.
 He writes his name with indifferent ease,
 He's rather uncertain about the "d's;"
 But what does it matter, if three or one,
 To the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son?

My Lord Tomnoddy to college went;
 Much time he lost, much money he spent;
 Rules, and windows, and heads he broke —
 Authorities wink'd — young men will joke!
 He never peep'd inside a book:
 In two years' time a degree he took,
 And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
 By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down —
 There's a vacant seat in the family town!
 ('T is time he should sow his eccentric oats) —
 He hasn't the wit to apply for votes:
 He cannot e'en learn his election speech;
 Three phrases he speaks, a mistake in each!
 And then breaks down — but the borough is won
 For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
 The Earl can last but a few years more.
 My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
 His Majesty's councils his words will grace.
 Office he'll hold, and patronage sway;
 Fortunes and lives he will vote away;
 And what are his qualifications? — *One!*
 He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER

WALT WHITMAN

COME up from the fields, father; here's a letter from our Pete;
And come to the front door, mother; here's a letter from thy dear son.

Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields, come, father; come at thy daughter's call;
And come to the entry, mother; to the front door come right away.
Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling;
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly;
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed;
O a strange hand writes for our son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes; flashes with black; she catches the main words only.

Sentences broken, gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish,
taken to hospital,
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah, now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
By the jamb of a door leans.
Grieve not so, dear mother (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs;

The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismayed),
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.
Alas, poor boy, he will never be better (nor may be needs to be better,
that brave and simple soul),
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently dressed in black;
By day her meals untouch'd; then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking;
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

THE RETURNED MAINE BATTLE FLAGS

MOSES OWEN

NOTHING but flags — but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead,
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and, blessing, died.

Nothing but flags — yet methinks, at night
They tell each other their tales of fright;
And dim spectres come and their thin arms twine
'Round each standard torn as they stand in line!
And the word is given — they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
And once again through the smoke and strife,
Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

Nothing but flags — yet they're bathed with tears,
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
Of a mother's prayer, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed, of the coming day!
Silent, they speak, and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot;
Their flags come home — why come they not?

Nothing but flags — yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death!
Nothing but flags, yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips be dumb!
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags at home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn they're now at rest.

THE END OF THE PLAY

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

THE play is done — the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends —
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time;
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That fate ere long shall bid you play;
 Good-night! — with honest gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away!

I'd say we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys —
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys;
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the awful will,
 And hear it with an honest heart,
 Who misses, or who wins the prize —
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

MY LAST DUCHESS

ROBERT BROWNING

SIR, 't was all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the west,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace — all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,— good! but thanked
 Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 And there exceed the mark"— and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew: I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

THE RECRUIT

A. E. HOUSMAN

LEAVE your home behind, lad,
And reach your friends your hand,
And go, and luck go with you
While Ludlow tower shall stand.

Oh, come you home on Sunday
When Ludlow streets are still
And Ludlow bells are calling
To farm and lane and mill,

Or come you home of Monday
When Ludlow market hums
And Ludlow chimes are playing
"The conquering hero comes,"

Come you home a hero,
Or come not home at all,
The lads you leave will mind you
Till Ludlow tower shall fall.

And you will list the bugle
That blows in lands of morn,
And make the foes of England
Be sorry you were born.

And you till trump of doomsday
On fields of morn may lie,
And make the hearts of comrades
Be heavy where you die.

Leave your friends behind you,
Your friends by field and town:
Oh, town and field will mind you
Till Ludlow tower is down.

THE COWBOY'S LIFE

JAMES BARTON ADAMS

THE bawl of a steer,
To a cowboy's ear,
Is music of sweetest strain;
And the yelping notes
Of the gray coyotes
To him are a glad refrain.

For a kingly crown
In the noisy town
His saddle he wouldn't change;
No life so free
As the life we see
Way out on the Yaso range.

The rapid beat
Of his broncho's feet
On the sod as he speeds along,
Keeps living time
To the ringing rhyme
Of his rollicking cowboy song.

Hike it, cowboys,
For the range away
On the back of a bronc of steel,
With a careless flirt
Of the raw-hide quirt,
And the dig of a roweled heel!

The winds may blow
And the thunder growl
Or the breezes may softly moan;—
A cowboy's life
Is a royal life,
His saddle, his kingly throne.

THE BLOOD OF PEASANTS

ALFRED NOYES

A MURDERED man, ten miles away,
Will hardly shake your peace,
Like one red stain upon your hand;
And a tortured child in a distant land
Will never check one smile to-day,
Or bid one fiddle cease.

Around a shining table sat
Five men in black tail-coats;
And what their sin was, none could say;
For each was honest, after his way,
(Tho' there are sheep, and armament firms,
With all that this "connotes").

One was the friend of a merchant prince,
One was the foe of a priest,
One had a brother whose heart was set
On a gold star and an epaulette,
And—where the rotten carcass lies,
The vultures flock to feast.

But—each was honest after his way,
Lukewarm in faith and old;
And blood, to them, was only a word,
And the point of a phrase their only sword,
And the cost of war, they reckoned it
In little disks of gold.

For they were strong. So might is right,
And reason wins the day.
And, if at a touch on a silver bell
They plunged three nations into hell,
The blood of peasants is not red
A hundred miles away.

WHITTINGTON'S LONDON

ALFRED NOYES

LONDON was a City when the Poulters ruled the Poultry!
 Rosaries of prayer were hung in Paternoster Row,
 Gutter Lane was Guthrun's, then; and, bright with painted missal-
 books,
Ave Mary Corner, sirs, was fairer than ye know.

London was mighty when her marchaunts loved their merchandise,
 Bales of Eastern magic that empurpled wharf and quay:
 London was mighty when her booths were a dream-market,
 Loaded with the colours of the sunset and the sea.

There, in all their glory, with the Virgin on their bannerols,
 Glory out of Genoa, the Mercers might be seen,
 Walking to the company of Marchaunt Adventurers;—
 Gallantly they jetted it in scarlet and in green.

Flos Mercatorum! Can a good thing come of Nazareth?
 High above the darkness, where our duller senses drown,
 Lifts the splendid Vision of a City, built on merchandise,
 Fairer than the City of Light that wore the violet crown,

Lifts the sacred vision of a far-resplendent City,
 Flashing, like the heart of heaven, its messages afar,
 Trafficking, as God Himself, through all His interchanging worlds,
 Holding up the scales of law, weighing star by star,

Ordered and harmonious, a City built to music,
 Lifting, out of chaos, the shining towers of law,—
 Ay, a sacred City, and a City build of merchandise,
Flos Mercatorum, was the City that he saw.

From *Flos Mercatorum* in *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* by Alfred Noyes.
 The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

ROBERT W. SERVICE

I WANTED the gold and I sought it;
 I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
 Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;
 I hurled my youth into a grave.
 I wanted the gold, and I got it—
 Came out with a fortune last fall,—
 Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
 And somehow the gold isn't all.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
 That's plumb full of hush to the brim;
 I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
 In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
 Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
 And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
 And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
 With the peace of the world piled on top.

There's the gold, and it's haunting and haunting;
 It's luring me on as of old;
 Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting
 So much as just finding the gold.
 It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
 It's the forests where silence has lease;
 It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
 It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

HENRY NEWBOLT

HE laughed: "If one may settle the score for five,
 I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:
 I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."

"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope;
 He climbed to the eastward edge of the trees;
 All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
 He brooded, clasping his knees.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
 The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;
 He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
 Calling him down to ride.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
 The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
 The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,
 His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
 The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;
 The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
 The Dons on the dais serene.

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
 He felt the trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;
 He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
 He saw the flag she flew.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
 The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white;
 He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
 Cut by the eastern height.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
 I have lived, I praise and adore Thee." A sword swept.
 Over the pass the voices one by one
 Faded, and the hill slept.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF PLATTS- BURG

PERCY MACKAYE

MACDONOUGH lies with Downie in one land.
Victor and vanquished long ago were peers.
Held in the grip of peace an hundred years
 England has laid her hand
In ours, and we have held (and still shall hold) the band
That makes us brothers of the hemispheres;
Yea, still shall keep the lasting brotherhood
 Of law and blood.

Yet one whose terror racked us long of yore
Still wreaks upon the world her lawless might:
Out of the deeps again the phantom Fight
 Looms on her wings of war,
Sowing in armèd camps and fields her venomèd spore,
Embattling monarch's whim against man's right,
Trampling with iron hoofs the blooms of time
 Back in the slime.

We, who from dreams of justice, dearly wrought,
First rose in the eyes of patient Washington,
And through the molten heart of Lincoln won
 To liberty forgot,
Now, standing lone in peace 'mid titans strange distraught,
Pray much for patience, more — God's will be done! —
For vision and for power nobly to see
 The world made free.

DRAMATIC SELECTIONS

TAMBURLAINE TO THE CAPTIVE KINGS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

HOLLA, ye pampered jades of Asia!
 What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
 And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
 And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
 But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
 To Byron here, where thus I honour you!
 The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,
 And blow the morning from their nosterils,
 Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
 Are not so honoured in their governor,
 As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
 The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
 That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
 And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
 Were not subdued with valour more divine
 Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.
 To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
 You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
 And drink in pails the strongest muscadel;
 If you can live with it, then live and draw
 My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
 If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
 But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
 Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
 And see the figure of my dignity
 By which I hold my name and majesty!

THE JEW OF MALTA

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

IN spite of these swine-eating Christians,—
 Unchosen nation, never circumcised,
 Such as (poor villains!) were ne'er thought upon
 Till Titus and Vespasian conquered us,—
 Am I become as wealthy as I was:
 They hoped my daughter would ha' been a nun;
 But she's at home, and I have bought a house
 As great and fair as is the governor's;
 And there in spite of Malta will I dwell,
 Having Ferneze's hand, whose heart I'll have;
 Who, of mere charity and Christian truth,
 To bring me to religious purity,
 And as it were in catechising sort,
 To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
 Against my will, and whether I would or no,
 Seized all I had, and thrust me out o' doors,
 And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.
 I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
 That can so soon forget an injury.
 I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
 Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
 And duck as low as any barefoot friar;
 Hoping to see them starve upon a stall.
 Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son.
 Now will I show myself
 To have more of the serpent than the dove;
 That is — more knave than fool.
 It shall go hard but I will see your death.

THE SEVEN AGES

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

ARTHUR'S PLEA TO HUBERT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MUST you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
 Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
 I knit my handkercher about your brows,
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
 And I did never ask it you again;
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, "What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?"
 Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
 Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you.
 Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
 And quench its fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HUBERT. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTHUR. Is there no remedy?

HUBERT. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTHUR. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
Any annoyance of that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUBERT. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTHUR. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

HUBERT. I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief;
There is no malice in this burning coal.

HUBERT. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR. An if you do, you will make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends.

HUBERT. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same iron to burn them out.—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.

PRINCE EDWARD AND GLOUCESTER

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GLOUCESTER. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.

GLOUCESTER. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

PRINCE. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Say, Uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

GLOUCESTER. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

GLOUCESTER. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE. That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

I'll tell you what
An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

GLOUCESTER. (*Aside.*) Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

QUEEN MAB

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

O H! then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn by a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web,
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops, night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes come she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose, as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I WAS born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

MARULLUS TO THE COMMONERS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WHEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things.
 Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The livelong day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Begone:
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

BRUTUS AND LUCIUS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

LUCIUS. (*Entering.*) Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here. (*Exit Lucius.*)

It must be by his death. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

LUCIUS. (*Entering.*) The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed. (*Gives him the letter.*)

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar and bring me word. (*Exit Lucius.*)

BRUTUS. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give me so much light that I may read by them. (*Reads letter.*)
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake and see thyself."

LUCIUS. (*Entering.*) Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

BRUTUS. 'Tis good. (*Knocking within.*) Go to the gate; some-
body knocks. (*Exit Lucius.*)
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar
I have not slept.

LUCIUS. (*Entering.*) Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS. Is he alone?

LUCIUS. No, sir, there are more with him.

BRUTUS. Do you know them?

LUCIUS. No sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks.

BRUTUS. Let 'em enter. (*Exit Lucius.*)
They are the faction.

BENEDICT ON LOVE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I DO much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please Heaven! Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And prithee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

HENRY THE FIFTH AT HARFLEUR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you were worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry, "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

A FENCING LESSON FROM CAPTAIN BOABDIL

BEN JONSON

SQUIRE DOWNRIGHT, the half-brother, was't not? Saint George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. Come, you shall chartel him. I'll show you some small rudiments in the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. Hostess, accomodate us with another bad-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff — the woman does not understand the words of action. Make a thrust at me — come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body: the best-practiced gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it. But you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious. Come put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so — and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you by my direction; and then I'll teach you your trick. Why I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control an enemy's point in the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing; by this hand, you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in line, except it were hail shot and spread. But come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach.

RALPH TO THE SOLDIERS

FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER

MARCH fair, my hearts! Lieutenant, bear the rear up. Ancient, let your colours fly; but have a great care of the butcher's hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient. Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So, make a crescent now; advance your pikes; stand and give ear.

Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow soldiers, I have brought you this day, from the shops of security and the counters of content, to measure out on these furious fields honour by the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's cart is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience; neither let the smell of powder offend you.

To a resolved mind his home is everywhere:
 I speak not this to take away
 The hope of your return; for you shall see
 (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly
 Your loving wives again and your sweet children,
 Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.
 Remember, then, whose cause you have in hand,
 And, like a sort of true-born scavengers,
 Scour me this famous realm of enemies.

I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings, lads, and show to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts.

YOUNG FASHION IN STRAIGHTS

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

YOUNG FASHION. Come, pay the waterman, and take the portmanteau.

LORY. Faith, sir, I think the waterman had as good take the portmanteau, and pay himself.

YOUNG F. Why, sure there's something left in it.

LORY. But a solitary old waistcoat, upon my honor, sir.

YOUNG F. Why, what's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

LORY. Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend.

YOUNG F. (*To the Waterman.*) I'gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but gold about me. But, faith, I think thou art a good conscionable fellow. I'gad, I care not if I leave my portmanteau with thee, till I send thee thy money. I'll send for't to-morrow. (*Exit Waterman.*)

LORY. So — now, sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, you have outliv'd all your care.

YOUNG F. How so, sir?

LORY. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

YOUNG F. Sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

LORY. Sir, if you could but prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

YOUNG F. Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

LORY. Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty, your elder brother.

YOUNG F. 'Sdeath, he would not give his powder puff to redeem my soul. What wouldst thou have me say to him?

LORY. Say nothing to *him*; apply yourself to his favorites; speak to his periwig, his cravat, his feather, his snuffbox, and when you are well with them, desire him to lend you a thousand pounds.

YOUNG F. 'Sdeath and Furies! Why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune — Fortune — Fortune! (*Exeunt.*)

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY

JOSEPH ADDISON

IT must be so.— Plato, thou reasonest well!
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! — thou pleasing dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us, —
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works, — he must delight in virtue.
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end them.
 Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to my end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

SIR LUCIUS INSTIGATES BOB ACRES

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

SIR LUCIUS. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to see you. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

ACRES. 'Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last! In short, I have been very ill-used.

SIR L. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

ACRES. Mark me, Sir Lucius; I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady — her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival — and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

SIR L. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

ACRES. Why, there's the matter; she has another lover. He must be at the bottom of it.

SIR L. A rival in the case, is there? Then sure you know what is to be done.

ACRES. Not I, upon my soul!

SIR L. We wear no swords here, but you understand me? (*Sir Lucius raises his finger and thumb.*)

ACRES. What! Fight him!

SIR L. Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

ACRES. But he has given me no provocation.

SIR L. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

ACRES. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

SIR L. That's no argument at all — he has less right, then, to take such a liberty.

ACRES. Gad, that's true — I'll challenge him directly.

BOB ACRES AS A DUELIST

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

SIR LUCIUS. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

SIR L. Ah, that's a pity—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

ACRES. Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius, there (*Puts himself in an attitude*) a side-front, hey? — Odds, I'll make myself small enough — I'll stand edgeways.

SIR L. Now you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim (*Levelling at him*), my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left. But there! fix yourself, so. Now a bullet or two may pass clean through you and never do you any harm at all; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

ACRES. Look 'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour, I will stand edgeways.

SIR L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, I hope they won't disappoint us—

ACRES. (*Aside.*) I hope they do.

SIR L. (*Looking off.*) Hah! no, faith — I think I see them coming. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

ACRES. They are two of them indeed! Well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius! We—we—we—we—won't run.

SIR L. Run!

ACRES. No, I say—we won't run, by my valour!

SIR L. What's the matter with you?

ACRES. Nothing, nothing, my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

SIR L. Oh, fie! Consider your honour.

ACRES. Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

THE REHEARSAL

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

SNEER. Sir, but one thing can increase my respect for you: your permitting me to be present at the rehearsal.

PUFF. Well, Mr. Sneer, I shall be infinitely happy — highly flattered. What Shakespeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays: they ought to be the abstract and brief chronicle of the times. So, sir, I call my tragedy, “The Spanish Armada.”

SNEER. A most happy thought. But pray, now, I don’t understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

PUFF. Love! — Oh, nothing so easy.

SNEER. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

PUFF. Oh, lud! no, no. I only suppose the Governor of Tilbury Fort’s daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish admiral.

SNEER. Excellent! But won’t this appear improbable?

PUFF. To be sure it will — but what the plague! A play is not to show occurrences that happen every day.

SNEER. Certainly, nothing is unnatural that is not impossible.

PUFF. For that matter, Don Whiskerandos might have been here in the train of the Spanish ambassador. Then up curtain. (*Curtain rises.*)

SNEER. Tilbury Fort! Very fine, indeed!

PUFF. Now, what do you think I open with?

SNEER. Faith, I can’t guess —

PUFF. A clock. Hark! I open with a clock to beget an awful attention in the audience.

SNEER. But, pray, are the sentinels to be asleep?

PUFF. Fast as watchmen.

SNEER. Isn’t that odd though, at such an alarming crisis?

PUFF. To be sure, but two great men are coming; now they would not open their lips if these fellows were watching.

SNEER. Oh, that accounts for it! — But who are these?

PUFF. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton. Now, attend.

PUFF AS A DIRECTOR

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON. True, gallant Raleigh!
 But oh, thou champion of thy country's fame,
 There is a question which I yet must ask,
 A question which I never asked before.
 What mean these mighty armaments?
 This general muster? and this throng of chiefs?

PUFF (*Interrupting.*) My good friend, you entirely forget what I told you in the last rehearsal — that there was a particular trait in Sir Christopher's character — that he was famous, in Queen Elizabeth's time, for his dancing — pray, turn your toes out. (*With his foot, he pushes Sir C.'s feet out until they are nearly square.*) That will do — now, sir, proceed.

SIR C. Alas, my noble friend, when I behold
 Yon tented plains in martial symmetry
 Arrayed — when I count o'er yon glittering lines
 Of crested warriors —
 When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp
 Of martial preparation, and stern defence,
 I cannot but surmise. Forgive, my friend,
 If the conjecture's rash —

PUFF. (*Interrupting.*) A little more freedom, — if you please. Remember that Sir Christopher and Sir Walter were on the most familiar footing. Now, as thus — (*Quotes the line flippantly.*)

SIR C. (*Imitating.*) I cannot but surmise. Forgive, my friend,
 If the conjecture's rash — I cannot but
 Surmise — the state some danger apprehends.

PUFF. (*To his friends witnessing the rehearsal.*) Yes, that's his character; not to give an opinion but on secure grounds. Now, then, I think you shall hear some better language: I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much of matter in it; but now, i' faith, you have trope, figure, and metaphor, as plenty as noun-substantives.

CHARLES SURFACE'S AUCTION OF FAMILY PORTRAITS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

CHARLES SURFACE. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer. Here they are, the family of Surfaces, up to the Conquest, done in the true spirit of portrait-painting — all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing else in nature besides. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

CCARELESS. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

CCHARLES. Egad, that's true. Here, Careless, here's the family tree for you. This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

CCARELESS. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin — A-going, a-going, a-going!

CCHARLES. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him — there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. He shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten — the sheep are worth the money. Knock down my aunt Deborah. 'Fore heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable than I took them for.

HARDCASTLE AND HIS SERVANTS

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

HARDCASTLE. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You, Diggory, are to make a show at the side table; and you, Roger, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

DIGGORY. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia.' And so —

HARD. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

DIG. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

HARD. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour?

DIG. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

HARD. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to tell a good story, you must not all burst out a-laughing.

DIG. Then your worship must not tell the story of Old Grouse in the gun room: we've laughed at that these twenty years — ha! ha! ha!

HARD. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that — but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine. A glass of wine, sir. Eh, why don't you move?

DIG. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables upon the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

HARD. O, you dunces! I must begin all over again — But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome.

A FOND FATHER AND A PRODIGAL SON

THOMAS HOLCROFT

MR. SMITH. (*Aside.*) The boy was a fine youth, but he spoiled him; and now he quarrels with himself and all the world.

DORNTON. Are you sure he said he should return to-night?

MR. S. Yes, sir.

DORN. And don't you know where he is gone?

MR. S. He did not tell me, sir.

DORN. I ask you if you know.

MR. S. I believe to Newmarket, sir.

DORN. You always believe the worst! — I'll sit up no longer. — Tell the servants to go to bed. I have done with him. Let him starve!

MR. S. He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

DORN. Improperly! How? Have you heard anything of —.

MR. S. No-no, sir — Nothing but what you yourself tell me.

DORN. Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

MR. S. He is certainly a very good-hearted young gentleman, sir!

DORN. Good-hearted! How dare you make such an assertion?

MR. S. Upon my word, sir, I —

DORN. Upon your word! But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm. Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended. Be his distress what it will, not a guinea!

MR. S. I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

DORN. Why, would you see him starve? Would you, sir?

MR. S. Sir! Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders.

DORN. And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, starving to death?

MR. S. There is no danger of that, sir.

DORN. I tell you, the thing shall happen.

MR. S. I hope, sir, he still will make a fine man — I mean, a worthy man, sir.

DORN. How can you mean any such thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a saint. I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith. — I know you are. But you, — you are not a father.

NEWS FROM THE PRODIGAL

THOMAS HOLCROFT

DORNTON. Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard anything of him?
SULKY. Yes.

DORN. (*Impatiently.*) Anything consoling — anything good?

SULKY. No.

DORN. No?— No, say you!— Where is he? What is he about?

SULKY. I don't know.

DORN. Don't?— You torture me, sir! What have you heard?

SULKY. (*Slowly drawing a newspaper out of his pocket.*) There; read!

DORN. Dead?

SULKY. Worse!

DORN. Mercy defend me! (*Reads.*) "The junior partner of the great banking house not a mile from the post-office has again been touched at Newmarket, for upwards of ten thousand pounds."
(*Pause.*) It can't be! Can it?

SULKY. Yes.

DORN. How do you know? What proof have you that it is not a lie?

SULKY. His own hand-writing:—bills at three days' sight, to the full amount, have already been presented.

DORN. And accepted?

SULKY. Yes.

DORN. But why? Is not his name struck off the firm?

SULKY. They were dated two days before.

DORN. The credit of my house begins to totter. What the effect of such a paragraph may be, I cannot tell.

SULKY. I can: Ruin! A run against the house, stoppage, bankruptcy! Don't think I care for myself. No. I can sit at the desk again.

DORN. (*Shouting.*) Call all the servants together, clerks, footmen, maids, every soul! Tell them their young master is a scoundrel. Bid them shut the door in his face. (*Knocking occurs at street door.*) So here is the youth returned. Don't mind his knocking! He shall starve in the streets. Fetch me my blunderbuss.

AT THE CROOKED BILLET

J. R. PLANCHE

SIR RICHARD WROUGHTON. This little scrap of paper confirms all — “To-night at eight o’clock, in the parlour of the inn.” No address — no signature; but very like the handwriting of my fair cousin. Yes, yes, for *your* sake I obtained the pardon of this Jacobite; but it is not in your hands, yet; and if I catch you and your lover together, I will tear this paper before your face, and hang the traitor on the nearest tree. (*John Duck enters r.*) Who is this?

JOHN (*Not observing Sir R.*) £100! It is understood that I am to amass the sum of £100, before I claim the hand of Patty. I must get the money somehow, instantly. I will do anything for a hundred pounds. Who will give a hundred pounds to do anything? I am to be sold for a hundred pounds. This valuable young man, going for a hundred pounds. — going, going —

SIR R. Gone. (*Slapping him on shoulder.*) You are mine!

JOHN. Hush! (*Aside.*) This man has overheard. He is about to propose some terrible crime! What would you have?

SIR R. A trifling service. It is probable something will take place here at eight o’clock this evening, which I desire to be informed of.

JOHN. A—a—robbery—a—murder!

SIR R. No! Simply a conversation of importance to the state; and your duty will be to hide, where you can hear and see.

JOHN. Nothing more?

SIR R. If you repeat to me faithfully whatever occurs, I will give you immediately the £100.

JOHN. Depend on my discretion; it is the better part of my valour.

SIR R. Enough! (*Aside.*) If this be the place, this man is my witness — if the “Greyhound,” I shall be there. (*Exit r.*)

JOHN. “Important to the state!” I shall be the preserver of my king and country. Already, I see the traitors, armed to the teeth — armed? — ahem! — armed? — if I should be discovered, I may not be able to preserve even myself, let alone my king and country.

AT THE CROOKED BILLET, EVENING

J. R. PLANCHE

MAJOR MURRAY. (*Who has just had a meeting with Sir Richard's cousin, hearing a noise in a chest.*) What's that? — the noise I heard before. It is from this chest! Some one is concealed in it. (*John Duck comes forth.*) How cam'st thou in that chest, and for what purpose? Speak!

JOHN. Let me breathe first; I'm all but smothered.

MAJ. Answer instantly. Were you placed there as a spy.

JOHN. (*Aside.*) A spy! One of the conspirators; the rest are gone!

MAJ. You hesitate! (*Puts point of sword to his throat.*)

JOHN. No, no — I was, I was.

MAJ. By whose orders?

JOHN. Sir Richard Wroughton's.

MAJ. Hah!

JOHN. Don't be frightened. I have heard nothing, seen nothing.

MAJ. Thou liest!

JOHN. No — as I hope for mercy, it was quite impossible.

MAJ. How much did'st thou hope to gain?

JOHN. I was promised one hundred pounds.

MAJ. Here are two rouleaus of fifty guineas each, if you swear to keep my secret.

JOHN. I do, most solemnly! (*Aside.*) For I haven't the least notion what it is.

MAJ. Remember, to betray the unfortunate is an infamous action — to save them, a noble one.

JOHN. I am all for the noble one, and guineas instead of pounds.

MAJ. Take them. You have heard nothing that passed?

JOHN. I'll take my affidavit before the Lord Mayor.

MAJ. If you are faithful, I will double that sum.

JOHN. Double! You'll give me another hundred?

MAJ. Rely upon me. (*Exit.*)

JOHN. And rely upon *me*. The rack shan't move me.

FAUSTUS ON THE VANITY OF HIS STUDIES

WILHELM GOETHE

A LAS! I have explored
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine;
And over deep Divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal;
And here I am at last, a very fool,
By useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first!
Here am I — boast and wonder of the school:
Magister, Doctor, and I lead
These ten years past, my pupils' creed;
Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please.
And now to feel that nothing can be known!
This is the thought that burns into my heart.
I have been more acute than all these triflers,
Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;
Have sounded all the depths of every science.
Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil.
But I have lost all peace of mind:
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue.
The fancy too has died away,
The hope, that I might, in my day,
Instruct and elevate mankind.
Therefore to magic, with severe
And patient toil, have I applied,
Despairing of all other guide,
That from some Spirit I might hear
Deep truths, to others unrevealed,
And mysteries from mankind sealed;
Thus end at once this vexing fever
Of words — mere words — repeated ever.

WAMBA AND CEDRIC

THOMAS DIBDIN

WAMBA. (*Enter l.*) Well, Cœur de Lion's lost, on his way from Palestine; and what the better or worse am I for that? Reign who will, my royalty is in my motley coat, and my undisputed style and title is Wamba, the son of Witless, chief fool to the potent Baron Cedric, of Rotherwood, who glories in his Saxon origin, and hates the new-come Norman race, and is, as times go, a very good kind of an ill-natured, tolerably tolerable sort of a feudal chieftain. Here comes my fellow-servant, Gurth, the swine-keeper. He thanks fortune he's no fool; and I am grateful I don't keep pigs. (*Enter Gurth.*) You're ever the most unlucky varlet I have met with. Nay, even now thou wilt get the heavy collar round thy neck, for not littering the piggery earlier. Here comes our master, Cedric. But don't be afraid; the privilege of my folly must try to bring off thy stupidity.

CEDRIC. (*Enter r.*) How comes it, villains, ye have loitered thus? (*To Gurth.*) Hast thou brought home thy charge, sirrah; or left them to outlaws and marauders?

WAMBA. The herd is safe, so please ye.

CEDRIC. It does not please me thus late. Shackles and the prison-house shall punish the next offence.

WAMBA. Uncle Cedric, you and I must change coats, to-night. Thou are not wise. Why should you shackle poor Gurth for the fault of his dog, who flatly refused to bring up the pigs till it suited his own convenience?

CEDRIC. Then hang up the dog.

WAMBA. That were unwise again; for the dog is lame. The chase keeper of your neighbor, Sir Philip de Malvoisin, has cut off his foreclaw.

CEDRIC. The foul fiend take Malvoisin and his keeper, both! The curse of a coward on my head, if I mar not his archery. I'll strike off the fore-finger of his right-hand. He shall no more draw bowstring. Hence with ye!

MOSES AT THE FAIR

TOM TAYLOR

MOSES. A customer for the colt; he seems a simple fellow. I have a horse to sell, sir.

JENKINSON. Oh! but I warrant me you are one of those cozening horse jockies that take in poor honest folk. I know no more of horses than you do of Greek.

MOSES. Nay, I assure you, sir, that you need not fear being cozened by me. I have a good stout colt for sale, that has been worked in the plough these two years; you can but step aside and look at him.

JEN. Well, I don't care if I do look at thy horse—But you're sure he's quiet to ride and drive?

MOSES. I've driven him myself, and I am not one that driveth furiously.

JEN. Then, I don't care if I say a bargain. How much is it to be? I don't like paying more than ten guineas.

MOSES. You shall name your own price; (*aside*) and then nobody can say I cheated him.

JEN. What say you to nine guineas, and the odd half-guineas for the saddle and bridle?

MOSES. Nay, I would not drive a hard bargain; I'm content.

JEN. Stop a bit, and I'll give the money. Eh?—oh, Lord! nay, 'tis t'other pocket; no—oh, Lord! I'm a ruined man—I be robbed—thieves! I be robbed—

MOSES. Robbed? This comes of carrying money. But I will lend thee enough to take thee home again.

JEN. Hold!—perhaps, though I can no longer buy, you may be willing to make a barter? Will you exchange your horse for my wares? There's a good twelve pounds worth of 'em:—a gross of green spectacles, fine pebbles, and silver rims.

MOSES. Let's see; (*Aside.*) yes, a capital bargain! I accept; you take the colt, and I'll take the spectacles. (*Aside.*) A gross of green spectacles! I'll retail them for twice the money. The silly fellow! Well, it's not my fault, he will cheat himself.

Adapted from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a dramatization of Goldsmith's novel.

MOSES' RETURN FROM THE FAIR

TOM TAYLOR

DOCTOR PRIMROSE. Welcome, Moses, welcome! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?

MOSES. First and foremost, I have brought you myself.

DR. P. But the colt, my boy, the colt?

MOSES. I've sold him, father, and pretty well, I flatter myself. I've sold him, saddle, bridle, and all, for ten guineas.

DR. P. A great price, I protest — ten guineas! Well, done, indeed — the money, boy, the money?

MOSES. Why, sir, I've brought back no money.

DR. P. Ah! a draft, doubtless.

MOSES. No; but I've got a great bargain.

DR. P. Good lad! but what is this bargain? Let's see!

MOSES. (*Opening box, triumphantly.*) A gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.

DR. P. A gross of green spectacles! and you have parted with the colt, and brought us nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles.

MOSES. Dear father, why won't you listen to reason? I got them at a dead bargain, I can tell you. The silver rims alone would sell for twice the money.

DR. P. (*Examining them.*) The rims, my dear! They're only copper varnished over, and not worth sixpence.

MOSES. Not silver?

DR. P. No more silver than a saucepan.

MOSES. Give me the trash; I'll throw it into the fire.

DR. P. There again, you are wrong, my boy, for though they are copper, we will keep them by us, for copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing. Ah, Moses, Moses, youth-like, thou hast trusted to appearances! I expected this.

THE PROPHECY

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

WHAT! didst thou never hear
 Of the old prediction that was verified
 When I became the Doge?
 Some seventy years ago — it seems to me
 As fresh as yesterday — being then a lad
 No higher than thy hand, idle as an heir,
 I flew a kite, unmatched in shape or size,
 Over the river — we were at our house
 Upon the Brenta then; it soared aloft,
 Soared buoyantly, till the diminished toy
 Grew smaller than the falcon when she stoops
 To dart upon her prey. I sent for cord,
 Servant upon servant hurrying, till the kite
 Shrank to the size of a beetle: still I called
 For cord, and sent to summon father, mother,
 My little sisters, my old halting nurse,—
 I would have had the whole world to survey
 Me and my wondrous kite. It still soared on,
 And I stood bending back in ecstasy,
 My eyes on that small point, clapping my hands,
 And shouting, and half envying it the flight
 That made it a companion of the stars,
 When close beside me a deep voice exclaimed,
 “Aye, mount! mount! mount!” I started back, and saw
 A tall and aged woman, one of the wild
 Peculiar people whom wild Hungary sends
 Roving, through every land. She drew her cloak
 About her, turned her black eyes up to Heaven,
 And thus pursued: “Aye, like his fortunes, mount,
 The future Doge of Venice!” And before,
 For very wonder, any one could speak,
 She disappeared. I never saw her more.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

I COME not here to talk. You know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
 . . . Slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords, . . .
 Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
 In that strange spell,—a name!
 Each hour dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbor,— there he stands,—
 Was struck — struck like a dog, but one who wore
 The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such stains are common.
 I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to ye,
 I had a brother once — a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy; . . . How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! . . . In one short hour
 That pretty, harmless boy was slain! . . .
 Yet this is Rome
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! And we are Romans.
 Why in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! And once again,—
 Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus! — once again, I swear
 The eternal city shall be free.

SIMON INGOT ON SHAKESPEARE

T. W. ROBERTSON

MY daughter Ada, about a year ago, went on a visit to her aunt, and one night that unfortunate woman, that unhappy old lady, took her to Drury Lane Theatre. She came home raving about one Romeo and Othello, and Mr. Macbeth, and a whole pack of people of whom I know nothing, and want to know less. (*Picking up volume from table.*) "The Works of William Shakespeare!" Confound the works of William Shakespeare say I! I wish they had never been invented. Why, the name of Shakespeare can never be mentioned without there being a row. One fool says he means one thing, and another fool says he means another. For my part, I don't think he means anything. Nobody can understand poetry. It's such nonsense — yes, nonsense. I'll prove it by the very first words I put my finger on. (*Lighting upon the abbreviation for "Friar Lawrence."*) Ha! I thought so. "F-r-i" and a full stop! Now what does "F-r-i" and a full stop mean? Why, the fellow can't even spell. If he meant "F-r-y!" why doesn't he put it so? Now what comes next? "I'll give thee armour to keep off that word!" Now, I'll put it to your stock of common sense, how can armour keep off words? Didn't the man in armour on Lord Mayor's Day hear the little boys shouting out "Saucepans," after him? . . . "Adversity's sweet milk." Now how can adversity be sweet milk? If it gets skim milk, it ought to think itself well off. . . . What's this? "Philosophy." Worse and worse. Now he says philosophy is sweet milk. He might as well say sour butter!

PECKSNIFF TO HIS DAUGHTERS

CHARLES DICKENS

YES, my dears, even the worldly goods of which we have just disposed, even cream, sugar, tea, toast, ham and eggs, even they have their moral. See how they come and go! Every pleasure is transitory. We can't even eat, long. If we indulge in harmless fluids, we get the dropsy; if in exciting liquids, we get drunk. What a soothing reflection is that!—Well, I have again been fortunate in the attainment of my object. A new inmate will very shortly come among us—a youth. He will avail himself of the eligible opportunity which now offers, for uniting the best practical architectural education with the comforts of a home with some who are not unmindful of their moral responsibilities. With him I do not positively expect any immediate premium. But what of that! If our inclinations are but good, let us gratify them boldly, even though they bring us loss instead of profit.

And now for news of our cousin, old Martin Chuzzlewit: remember that he is ill, and that blood is thicker than water. The whole family—male and female, near, distant, and slightly removed—are swooping down like vultures upon a body. And my dears, I regret to say that our wealthy but misguided relative, instead of disposing himself to listen to the prompting of nature, is still deceived by the voice of the—the—the fabulous animals (Pagan animals, I regret to say), who used to sing in the water.—No, not swans, yet very like swans, too.—No, nor oysters, but by no means unlike oysters.—Wait! I have it—sirens; dear me, not oysters, nor swans, but sirens, sirens, of course. Yes, our misguided relative still listens to the voice of the siren. I met two of these—ahem!—relatives just as I was leaving the bar-parlour: our cousin Anthony and his son. On my observing that I felt it my Christian duty to inquire after old Mr. Chuzzlewit's health, he told me not to be a hypocrite—a hypocrite, my dears! Charity, when I take my chamber candle-stick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice.

Arranged from *Tom Pinch*, a comedy adapted by J. J. Dillee and L. Clifton from Dickens's novel of *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

JOHN WESTLOCK'S PARTING WITH PECKSNIFF

CHARLES DICKENS

JOHN. Come, Mr. Pecksniff, don't let there be any ill-blood between us, pray. You'll bear me no ill-will at parting, sir?

PECK. I bear no ill-will to any man on earth.

JOHN. (*Looking at Tom Pinch, as though asking him to attend.*) Then you will shake hands, sir?

PECK. (*Smiling very benignly.*) I beg your pardon.

JOHN. Then you will shake hands?

PECK. (*Quite calmly.*) No, John, I will not shake hands. I have forgiven you. I have embraced you in spirit, John, which is better than shaking hands. You cannot move me to remember any wrong you have ever done me, John.

JOHN. Wrong! Here's a pretty fellow! Wrong I have done him! He'll not even remember the five hundred pounds he had with me under false pretences, or the seventy pounds a year for board and lodging that would have been dear at seventeen pounds. Here's a martyr!

PECK. Money, John, is the root of all evil! I grieve to see that it is already bearing evil fruit in you. But I have forgiven you — and I forgive also that misguided person (*Looking at Tom*), who has brought you here to-night, seeking to disturb the heart repose of one who would have shed his dearest blood to serve him. (*Raising his voice.*) I beg that individual not to address me. He will truly oblige me by not uttering one word just now. In a very short space of time I shall have sufficient fortitude, I trust, to converse with him as if these events had not happened, but not now, not now. (*Exit.*)

JOHN. Bah! do you want any blood shed for you? Does he shed anything for you that you *do* want? Does he shed instruction for you, pocket-money for you? Oh, he's a famous fellow; he never scraped and clawed into his pouch all your poor grandmother's hard savings; he never speculated and traded on her pride in you. Of course not — not he, Tom. But there's the coach and I must be off. Goodbye — no, both hands, Tom.

Arranged from *Tom Pinch*, a comedy adapted by J. J. Dilley and L. Clifton from Dickens's novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

SCROOGE AND HIS NEPHEW

CHARLES DICKENS

NEPHEW. A merry Christmas, uncle! God bless you!

SCROOGE. Bah! humbug! Out upon merry Christmas! If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

NEPH. Uncle!

SCROOGE. Nephew, keep Christmas time in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

NEPH. Keep it! But you don't keep it!

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

NEPH. There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys.

SCROOGE. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir; I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

NEPH. Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.

SCROOGE. I'll see you hanged first.

NEPH. But why, uncle? Why? I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?

SCROOGE. Good-afternoon!

NEPH. I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a merry Christmas, uncle! And a happy New Year!

A SCENE FROM DAVID COPPERFIELD

CHARLES DICKENS

PEGGOTTY. Why! It's Mas'r Davy! Glad to see you, Mas'r Davy. Don't you mind Mawther Gummidge, Mas'r Davy; she's a thinkin' of the old 'un. She allers do be thinkin' of the old 'un when there's a storm a-comin' up, along of his havin' been drowned at sea. Well, now, I must go and light up accordin' to custom. . . . Theer we are! Theer we are! A-lighted up accordin' to custom. Now, Mas'r Davy, you're a-wonderin' what that little candle is for, ain't yer? Well, I'll tell yer. It's for my little Em'ly. You see, the path ain't o'er cheerful arter dark, so when I'm home here along the time that Little Em'ly comes home from her work, I allers lights the little candle and puts it in the winder, and Em'ly sees it and she says: "Theer's home," and likewise, "theer's Uncle." Theer! Now you're laughin' at me, Mas'r Davy! You're a sayin' as how I'm a babby. Well, I don't know but I am. A babby in the form of a Sea Porkypine.—See the candle sparkle! I can hear it say—"Em'ly's lookin' at me! Little Em'ly's comin'!" Right I am for she is! (*He goes to the door and Ham staggers in.*)

HAM. She's gone! Run away! And think how! Read that writin'!

PEGGOTTY. Em'ly gone! I'll not believe it! No! I won't read that writin'—read it you, Mas'r Davy. Slow please. I don't know as I can understand.

DAVID. (*Reads.*) "When you see this, I shall be far away."

PEGGOTTY. Stop theer, Mas'r Davy! Stop theer! Fur away! My Little Em'ly fur away. Well?

DAVID. (*Reads.*) "Never to come back unless he bring me back a lady. Don't remember, Ham, that we were to be married, but try to think of me as if I had died long ago. My last tears for Uncle."

PEGGOTTY. Who's the man? What's his name?

HAM. His name is Steerforth, and he's a cursed villain.

DAVID. Where are you going, Mr. Peggotty?

PEGGOTTY. I'm a goin' to seek my little Em'ly—to seek fur my little Em'ly throughout the wide wurrel!

Adapted from the arrangement in the *Practice Book* of the Leland Powers School.

THE MICAWBERS IN A CRISIS

CHARLES DICKENS

INTRODUCTION: The scene is in the lodgings of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. The former is out looking for something to turn up, while Mrs. Micawber has been annoyed all the morning by the calls of creditors.

MRS. MICAWBER. Well, I wonder how many more times they will be calling! However, it's their fault. If Mr. Micawber's creditors won't give him time, they must take the consequences. Oh! there is some one knocking now! I believe it's Mr. Heep's knock. It is Mr. Heep— Come in, Mr. Heep. We are very glad to see you. Come right in. Mr. Micawber has gone out. We make no stranger of you, Mr. Heep; so I don't mind telling you Mr. Micawber's affairs have reached a crisis. With the exception of a heel of Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the needs of a young family,—and including the twins,—there is nothing to eat in the house. *(At this moment there is a noise heard on the landing. Micawber himself rushes into the room, slamming the door.)*

MICAWBER. *(Not seeing Heep.)* The clouds have gathered; the storm has broken; and the thunderbolt has fallen on the devoted head of Wilkins Micawber! Emma, my dear, the die is cast. All is over. Leave me in my misery!

MRS. MIC. I'll never desert my Micawber!

MIC. In the words of the immortal Plato, "It must be so, Cato!" But no man is without a friend when he is possessed of courage and shaving materials! Emma, my love, fetch me my razors! *(Recovering himself.)* Sh-sh! We are not alone! Oh, Mr. Heep! Delighted to see you, my young friend! Ah, my dear young attorney-general, in prospective, if I had only known you when my troubles commenced, my creditors would have been a great deal better managed than they were! You will pardon the momentary laceration of a wounded spirit, made sensitive by a recent collision with a minion of the law,—in short, with a ribald turncock attached to the water-works. Emma, my love, our supply of water has been cut off. Hope has sunk beneath the horizon! Bring me a pint of laudanum!

Adapted from the arrangement in the *Practice Book* of the Leland Powers School.

THE EAGLET'S WOODEN SOLDIERS

EDMOND ROSTAND

TO work, my friend. We will resume our tactics.
 First give me yonder box upon the couch,
 The wooden box with all my wooden soldiers.
 I'll work the problem much more easily
 Upon our little military chess-board.
 (I am surrounded with such loving care,
 They even paint my wooden soldiers Austrian!)
 Well, hand me one. We will deploy our left. —
 What is't? One of my father's grenadiers!
 A cuirassier! Light infantry! A scout!
 They're all become good Frenchman! Someone's painted
 Each of these little combatants!
 They're French! French! French!
 I tell you someone's carved and painted them!

.
 I know not how you worked, nor whence you came,
 How you found means, here, in our dismal gaol,
 To paint these little mannikins for me.
 Who is the hero, little wooden army —
 Only a hero would have been so childish —
 Who is the hero who equipped you thus
 That now you smile at me with all your trappings?
 Whose was the loving, microscopic brush
 Which gave each tiny face its grim moustache,
 Stamped cannon cross-wise on each pouch, and gave
 Each officer his bugle or grenade?
 Take them all out! They're little conquerors!
 Oh, Prokesch, look! locked in that little box
 Lay sleeping all the glorious *Grand Armée*!
 Oh, friend, whoever you are, with folded hands
 I thank you, nameless soldier of my father.

Adapted from *L'Aiglon*, translated by Louis N. Parker. R. H. Russell (Harper and Brothers).

FLAMBEAU, THE VETERAN

EDMOND ROSTAND

WHAT about us, who marched through every weather,
 Sweating but fearless, shivering without trembling,
 Kept on our feet by trumpet-calls, by fever,
 And by the songs we sang through conquered countries?
 Us, who wore bear skins in the burning tropics
 And marched bareheaded through the snows of Russia,
 Who trotted casually from Spain to Austria?
 Us, who to free our travel-weary legs
 Like carrots from the slough of miry roads,
 Often with both hands had to lug them out?
 Us, who, not having jujubes for our coughs,
 Took day-long foot-baths in the freezing Danube?
 Who just had leisure when some officer
 Came riding up, and gayly cried, "To arms!
 The enemy is on us! Drive him back!"
 To eat a slice of rook — and raw at that —
 Don't you suppose we, too, were sick of it?
 I think I've acted like a decent beggar:
 Joined at fourteen, two Germinal, year Three;
 Baptised, Marengo; got my corporal's stripes
 The fifteenth Fructidor, year Twelve; silk hose
 And sergeant's cane, steeped in my tears of joy,
 July fourteenth, year eighteen hundred and nine,
 At Schönbrunn, for the Guards were here to serve
 The sacred person of your Majesty;
 Sixteen years' service, seen sixteen campaigns,
 Thirty-two feats of arms, a lot of wounds,
 And only fought for glory and dry bread.

ULYSSES ON CALYPSO'S ISLE

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

THIS odorous amorous isle of violets
 Falls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see
 Yon lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
 The screaming gull and wild flying cloud:—
 To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
 To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,
 To spring alive upon her precipices,
 And hurl the singing spear into the air;
 To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,
 And plunge into the midnight of her pines;
 To look into the eyes of her who bore me,
 And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy,
 Prove if my son be like my dream of him.
 Comrades!
 Great hearts, that with me have so long
 Breasted the wave and broken through the snare,
 Have we not eaten and drunk on magic shores?
 Heard all the Sirens singing and run free?
 Have we not burst
 Up from the white whirl of Charybdis' pool?
 Shall we put forth again upon the deep?
 Would ye see at last
 Gaunt Ithaca?
 Would ye behold
 The bright fires blaze and crackle on your hearths?
 Would you again catch up
 Your babes?
 And clasp again your wives?
 Then Zeus decrees that we again set forth
 And break at last the magic of this isle;
 And homeward will we sail to-night.

CHAUCER'S FAREWELL

PERCY MACKAYE

MY liege, may I have leave to tell you bluntly?
 Six years ago in London, when the mob
 Roared round your stirrups, Wat the Tyler laid
 His hand upon your bridle. "Sacrilege!"
 Cried the Lord Mayor, and Wat Tyler fell
 Dead. . . . Whereat you, your Majesty —
 God save you, a mere boy, a gallant boy —
 Cried out: "Good fellows, have you lost your captain?
 I am your King, and I will be your captain."
 Have you forgotten how they cheered? Then hark!
 Once more that "porkish rabble" you shall hear
 Make music sweeter than your laureate's odes.
 Pilgrims and friends, deep-hearted Englishmen,
 This is your King who called himself your captain.
 My liege, my dear young liege,
 Are these the dull grunts of the swinish herd,
 Or are they singing hearts of Englishmen?

Give me your hands, dear friends; and so farewell:
 All, all of you! Call me your vintner still,
 And I will brew you such a vintage as
 Not all the saps that mount to nature's sun
 Can match in April magic. They who drink it —
 Yes, though it be a thousand years,
 Shall wake, and see a vision, in their wine,
 Of Canterbury and our pilgrimage:
 These very faces, with the blood in them,
 These moving limbs, this rout, this majesty!
 For by that resurrection of the Muse,
 Shall you, sweet friends, re-met in timeless Spring,
 Pace on through time upon eternal lines
 And ride with Chaucer in his pilgrimage.

THE OLD BOOK FROM THE THATCH

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

FATHER HART. I never saw her read a book before;
What may it be?

MAURTEEN BRUIN. I do not rightly know;
It has been in the thatch for fifty years.
My father told me my grandfather wrote it,
Killed a red heifer and bound it with the hide.
And little good he got out of the book,
Because it filled his house with roaming bards,
And roaming ballad-makers and the like.
Colleen, what have you got there in the book
That you must leave the bread to cool? Had I
Or had my father read or written books,
There were no stocking full of silver and gold
To come, when I am dead, to Shawn and you.
Persuade the colleen to put by the book:
My grandfather would mutter just such things,
And he was no judge of dog or horse,
And any idle boy could blarney him:
Just speak your mind.

FATHER HART. Put it away, my colleen.
God spreads the heavens about us like great wings,
And gives a little round of deeds and days,
And then come the wrecked angels and set snares,
And bait them with light hopes and heavy dreams,
Until the heart is puffed with pride and goes,
Half shuddering and half joyous, from God's peace:
My colleen, I have seen other girls
Restless and ill at ease, but years went by
And they grew like their neighbours and were glad
In minding children, working at the churn,
And gossiping of weddings and of wakes:
For life moves out of the red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again.

From *The Land of Heart's Desire*. Mosher.

THE MELTING-POT

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

AMERICA is God's crucible, the great Melting-Pot where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming! Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the Crucible with you all! God is making the American. The real American has not yet arrived. He is only in the crucible, I tell you—he will be the fusion of all races, the coming superman.

There she lies, the great Melting-Pot — listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes the mouth — the harbour where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian, black and yellow—Jew and Gentile—yes, East and West, and North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations and races came to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward. Peace, peace to all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this great continent — the God of our children give you peace.

AMERICA

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

I LOVE going to Ellis Island to watch the ships coming in from Europe, and to think that all those weary, sea-tossed wanderers are feeling what *I* felt when America first stretched out her great mother-hand to *me!*

It was heaven . . . All my life I had heard of America — everybody in our town had friends there or was going there or got money orders from there. The earliest game I played at was selling off my toy furniture and setting up in America. All my life America was waiting, beckoning, shining — the place where God would wipe away the tears from off all faces.

To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia, is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe, shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed, shining over the starving villages of Italy and Ireland, over the swarming cities of Poland and Galicia, over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles of Russia — Oh, when I look at our Statue of Liberty, I just seem to hear the voice of America crying, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest!"

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION

"And he spoke his piece with most applause, who best acted the passions of wrath and sorrow, with due respect to the dignity of the character."

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION

LEARNING THE PIECE

"To know when one's self is interested," says Walter Pater, "is the first condition of interesting others." Accordingly, if you have any choice in the matter, select for your declamation some piece that you are certain that you like. Then, read it through very carefully to see if there is any word of whose pronunciation you are not *sure*. If there is, immediately look it up. Next, without any effort to commit it to memory, read the piece through several times more, always commencing at the beginning and going through to the end. The next day, read the piece through several times as you did on the day before; that is, always in its entirety and still without any conscious effort to learn it. About the third day, see if your eye will not at a glance take in whole groups of words, and if after a reading or two, you cannot repeat whole sentences. From now on, you should try more and more to get along without the book. By this method, though spending no more than a few minutes each day, you will probably find at the end of a week that you have the words fairly well in mind.

This, however, is mere verbal memorization, the kind that is liable to fail utterly if a single link in the chain of words gives way. While such a process of committing is going on, you should use your imagination and your observation: your imagination to bring before your mind's eye the pictures your author presents; your observation to note his rhetorical structure, and the order of his thoughts. In such a passage as the account of the duel between the Master of Ballantrae and his brother (page 79), for instance, picture to yourself all the recorded movements in the drama of that fatal night. Then the following words will become the natural expression of your own thoughts:

"Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and growing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till of a sudden, the Master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought

the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the Master beyond doubt, with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it; my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the Master lunging in the air stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body."*

In the following passage taken from the selection regarding the exploits of American naval heroes (page 41) note, first, that there is a series of interrogative sentences followed, in each case, by an answer, "It was the American sailor," which, in each case, is in turn followed by a sentence beginning with "And the name (or names) of . . . ;" and, second, that the events are recounted in historical order.

"Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon, and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bon Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time for ever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag? It was the American sailor. And the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass. In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster, who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered as long as we have left anything worth remembering."

After you have the piece fairly well in mind, you may discover that some particular expressions are forever eluding you. This difficulty you can master by various devices. One is to stare long

**The Master of Ballantrae* by Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

and thoughtfully at the words, fixing in mind just what they look like. Later, the very letters will rise before your mind's eye. To make the impression more vivid, write the words in large letters with colored ink or crayon.

You must not think, however, that the ability to say the words correctly in your own room is positive evidence that you know them well enough to recite them in class. There you will find conditions so different that you cannot so easily keep your attention on your piece. For instance, you will find yourself thinking about how odd you feel upon the platform, how strangely your voice sounds in the larger room, or how your classmates or your teacher like your manner of speaking. Then, with division of attention, memory will tend to fail.

The only way to be at all sure of avoiding such a lapse is to spend a second week in becoming so familiar with the words that they come to mind almost mechanically. Both as a test of this familiarity and as a proof against lapse of memory due to division of attention, accustom yourself to saying your piece when you are busied about other matters.

To this method, Clara Morris attributes her promotion over two of her early associates, for, says she:

"There was no luck about it. . . . When they studied their parts, they were contented if they could repeat their lines perfectly in the quiet of their rooms, and made no allowance for possible accidents or annoyances with power to confuse the mind and so cause loss of memory and ensuing shame. But I would not trust even my own memory without first taking every possible precaution. Therefore the repeating of my lines correctly in my room was but the beginning of my study of them. In crossing the crowded street I suddenly demanded of myself my lines. At the table, when all were chatting, I again made sudden demand for the same. If on either occasion my heart gave a jump and my memory failed to present the exact word, I knew I was not yet perfect, and I would repeat those lines until, had the very roof blown off the theatre at night, I should not have missed one."

PLATFORM DECORUM

Come to your position on the platform slowly. Then, before making your preliminary bow, sweep in at a glance the body of your audience. So great is one's range of vision that you can do this without turning your head. Next, with stiffened knees, heels together, and eyes upon the center of the last row in the hall, draw back the knees in such fashion as to compel the body to curve slightly, crescent-wise, bringing the head in a line over the instep.

While speaking your piece, you should stand sturdily; that is, with both knees still stiff. This will bring you to your full height, and has a tendency to give you a better carriage generally. This position will also react on your speaking, giving your voice a firmer quality than when you stand in a more relaxed position with one knee loose.

The heels, however, which were together as you bowed, should before you begin speaking be separated. This may be done by either a backward or a sideways step. But there should be but a single movement and the distance between the heels should be slight.

Your hands may give you some uneasiness. Of course it is very natural for one of them to escape into a trousers pocket. But this will not do in formal work. Neither will it be well to hide them by clasping them both behind your back. This position, if the arms are tense, is awkward; and if they are relaxed, ineffective. The putting one hand behind is not so objectionable. The best rule, however, is to let them hang loosely at the sides.

At the close of the selection, bow in the same manner as preceding your performance, except that when the piece closes in reverie or in an apostrophe to absent persons or things, you should not again look at the audience; but after dwelling on the last words and after a considerable pause, during which you should try not to relax the face or body, make your bow slowly, with your mind as it were, still on the last thought uttered.

BREATHING

You can't get a note from a penny whistle without blowing. No more can you get voice without breathing. But just as the small boy with the whistle pipes quite merrily without thought of the blowing, so nature provides that under ordinary conditions you shall breathe without thinking. Public speaking, however, furnishes conditions that are not ordinary. The result is that your heart beats faster and your breath is shorter. But it is in public speaking that you need breath the most. Accordingly, if you go on long enough without furnishing an adequate supply, you will get a warning: a feeling in your throat of dryness and soreness, or a sound of huskiness. Then, it is, that you should become conscious of your breathing, and for the next few moments every time you can find a chance to do so, you should "draw the breath into the stomach," a direction which according to Professor Winter of Harvard in his *Public Speaking*, (Macmillan) "an eminent teacher of singing gives his pupils," and which, Professor Winter adds, "probably suggests the sensation." But, of course, you can't go on long thinking both about what you are saying and about how you are breathing, too.

As regards a definite system for the latter, though your instructor may teach you something of the sort for use when practising your vocal exercises, you should not be troubled if you cannot remember to employ it consciously in public. Indeed Mr. Franklin Taylor in his *Psychology of Singing* (Macmillan) states: "It has never been scientifically proved that the correct use of the voice depends in any way on the mastery of an acquired system of breathing. . . .

"No doubt the acquirement of healthy habits of breathing is of great benefit to the general health. But this does not prove that correct singing"—and may we not say *speaking*?—"demands some kind of breathing inherently different from ordinary life."

After all, the main thing to remember is that you should commence speaking with a good supply of air and that you must not go on trying to manufacture voice without supplying the raw material.

SPEAKING CLEARLY

To speak clearly you must do two things. In the first place, you must listen to yourself and to others. "Just as in writing," says Mr. Franklin Taylor, "the hand is guided by the eye, so in singing" (and we will add, in *speaking*) "the voice is guided by the ear." In similar vein, writes Madam Doria: "The only way of knowing whether the mechanism (that is, the action of the vocal apparatus) is good or bad is through the effect of the sound when it reaches the ear." You must, therefore, train yourself to recognize when words are correctly and when incorrectly sounded. You must, for example, be able to distinguish between *ax* and *acts*, *prophet* and *profit*, *exceed*, *accede*, *our* and *are*.

In the second place, you must use with great freedom of action the lips, the tongue, and the teeth. "The great thing," writes Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, "is to have the sound come from the front of the mouth." "Speak the speech," enjoins Hamlet, "trip-lingly on the tongue." "He always insisted," writes Sir Henry Irving of the father of Edwin Booth, "upon a thorough use of the 'instruments,' — by which he meant the teeth — in the formation of words." Thus an actor skilled in training college students for amateur theatricals is wont to cry out to the inarticulate, "Lips, tongue, teeth!"

It is, however, a mistake to fancy that you can master the art of speaking clearly by practising simply difficult consonant combinations, such as *ts's*, *ld's*, and *nd's*. Vowels are quite as likely to be blurred and changed until hardly recognizable, or entirely elided even to the omission of a syllable. "All teachers of singing," writes Professor Winter, "train voices, at first, on the vowel, and it should be known that without right vowel, or tone, production, efforts at articulation are futile." But this matter of vowel or tone production cannot be taught the novice by printed words. It is, therefore, left to your instructor to teach *viva voce*.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION

To be repeated by the class in concert after the teacher.

EXERCISE I

WORDS OF SOMEWHAT SIMILAR SOUND

Practise in groups of two, reading across the page, being careful not to change the accent of any word to distinguish it from the one often pronounced similarly.

Accede, Exceed.	Accepts, Excepts.	Ax, Acts.
Council, Counsel.	Console, Consul.	Profit, Prophet.

EXERCISE II

FINAL CONSONANTS

Read in groups of three. Attention to rhyme and rhythm will give zest.

FINAL TS

Acts	Facts	Tracts
Fists	Lists	Mists
Boasts	Coasts	Hosts

FINAL ND

Bound	Found	Ground
Hound	Sound	Wound

FINAL ING

Clinging	Flinging	Ringing
Being	Seeing	Fleeing
Flowing	Growing	Rowing

FINAL NDS

Bounds	Grounds	Hounds
Mounds	Sounds	Wounds

FINAL LD

Bold	Cold	Fold
Gold	Hold	Told

EXERCISE III

WORDS OF WHICH ONE SYLLABLE IS OFTEN, INCORRECTLY, ELIDED

Ablative	Cemetery	General
Government	History	Interested
Library	Literature	Military

EXERCISE IV

WORDS WHOSE VOWELS OR DIPHTHONGS ARE OFTEN INCORRECTLY GIVEN

In the words of the first group, the sound of *au* should be the same as in *aunt*. Accordingly, start with the latter word and keep the same sound of *au* throughout the remaining words.

Aunt, haunt, taunt.

Launch, haunch, staunch.

The sound of *u* in *duty* should be like that of *eau* in *beauty*; that of *ew* in *new* like that of *ew* in *few*; the *u* in *duke*, like that in *rebuke*. Here, as before, start with the word of which you are sure; then, omitting the opening consonant, give the rest of the word; finally, prefix the consonant of the troublesome words.

Beauty, (b) eauty, duty.

Few, (f) ew, new.

Rebuke, (b) uke, Luke, duke.

Mew, (m) ew, stew, dew.

The word *our* is often pronounced almost as if it were *are*, but the sound should be the same as *hour*.

Hour, our.

Is this our hour?

This hour is our hour.

EXERCISE V

OTHER WORDS WHOSE VOWEL SOUNDS ARE OFTEN INCORRECTLY GIVEN

Apparatus	Bronchitis	Civilization
Data	Extraordinary	Gratis
Hearth	Heinous	Inquiry
Italic	Jocund	Juvenile
Memoir	Parent	Pianist
Prelude	Profile	Quinine
Raillery	Rapine	Recitative
Satire	Satyr	Simultaneous
Sinecure	Squalor	Synod
Tomato	Wound	Visor

PRONUNCIATION

Of course articulation and pronunciation go together; that is, a word is not really pronounced correctly unless it is articulated correctly; and a word of one syllable like *acts* when called *ax* is just as much mispronounced as is a word of several syllables like *inexplicable* when it is called *inexpl'cable*. Thus pronunciation involves all that articulation does — namely, a nice shaping of the separate sounds (vowels, diphthongs, consonants), that compose a word — and it takes in addition, in the case of words of more than one syllable, an accent.

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION

(To be repeated by the class in concert, after the teacher.)

Acclimate	Hospitable
Address	Illustrate
Aggrandizement	Impious
Alias	Incomparable
Chastisement	Indisputable
Conversant	Inexorable
Cursorily	Indissoluble
Deficit	Inexplicable
Despicable	Inhospitable
Discourse	Inquiry
Disputable	Irrevocable
Enervate	Lamentable
Environs	Mischievous
Exponent	Misconstrue
Exquisite	Municipal
Extant	Museum
Formidable	Precedence
Grimace	Precedent
Harass	Referable
Horizon	Vagary

PAUSING

Pauses should be made at the natural divisions of thought. These are often indicated by punctuation marks. Of these the period — except when used to indicate abbreviation — and the semicolon will always call for a pause. But pauses do not so regularly occur where there is a comma. One of the rules for the use of the latter, for instance, demands that it set off every vocative; but there is no pause in the expression, “Good morning, sir.”

On the other hand, pauses often occur where there is no mark. Very frequently, for instance, there is a pause before a verb. Such a case occurs in the following sentence from “The English Lark,” “And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home | came glowing down on him here.” So, too, a pause, for the sake of emphasis, may be made before any expression, quite regardless of a lack of punctuation. This is effective in the last line of Cassius’s appeal to Brutus:—

Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm | alone.

Special pains must be taken with abstract terms, such words, for instance, as *truth, justice, mercy*. The reason for this will become clear if you will note for a moment how the mind works. At the sound of the words *red flag*, for example, you probably find that instantly you see in imagination the danger signal. Likewise the line, “When rocking winds were piping loud,” brings to your ear the sound of the gale. But such words as *truth, justice, mercy*, produce but a vague image. Therefore, give your audience plenty of time to comprehend every expression of this nature.

As a general rule, pauses may be made before conjunctions, prepositions, adverbs, verbs, and before any expression which it is desirable to emphasize.

WHERE TO LOOK

Auditors are also spectators. Therefore, when you come to your place, their eyes are upon you. At that moment, beware of dropping yours. But where you shall look when you have begun to speak depends on the words. For example, the phrases, "They tell us, sir, that we are weak," and "Mr. Chairman, only one action is possible," are addressed to one spot, as to a single individual; while, "Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation," is to the whole assemblage. Where, as in dialogue, the speaker gives the words of more than one character, there must, as a rule, be a suggestion — at least — of speaking in the direction of each person addressed. In "The Victor of Marengo" (page 74), for example, if you fancy Desaix to be at the right of Napoleon, turn your head or look in that direction after you have said, "Napoleon turned to Desaix," and *before* you say, "We are beaten; what shall we do?" Similarly, you should look or turn toward the left before replying, "Do! Beat *them*!" It should be noted, however, that if you turn as much as you might in real life, you will turn your face away from practically half your audience; the position of the characters is, therefore, often only to be suggested.

But of course in such works, or in anything that is of the nature of characterization, there will be, as in real life, side glances, ejaculations, and apostrophes, with eyes, as it were, on absent persons and things, and down-cast expressions, with eyes fixed on the floor; while in reveries, the eyes will be as seeing things invisible.

In strictly dramatic pieces, the more serious characters must never seem conscious of the audience; though the comic and humorously eccentric characters frequently step out of the picture to take the audience into their confidence. As Charles Lamb put it: "Macbeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool in a farce may think he sees something, and by conscious words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box, and gallery."

MAKING GESTURES

"Suit the action to the word," says Hamlet. This injunction implies that certain movements express certain thoughts. For instance, a slow approach to your position on the platform and a deliberateness in making your bow form a mask or screen for your nervousness, and give the impression of self-control. Still slower movements may indicate sluggishness and reluctance. The whining schoolboy, for example, creeps like a snail to school. Such movements may also express weakness of body and depression of mind. Quick movements, on the other hand, express mental excitement. According to their rate, they show the different degrees of joy, anger, and enthusiasm, even to lack of self-control.

But also there are certain *attitudes* expressive of certain states of mind. For instance, as every finger-post shows, the outstretched arm and pointer-finger indicate direction. Again, the uplifted hand with palm open away from the body repels and forbids;—forbids noise, for instance, and thus calls for silence. These and dozens of other attitudes and movements form the great sign language, read and known of all men, the spontaneous expression of one so filled with an idea that he cannot express himself in mere words.

Indeed such a one cannot even wait for the words to come. Thus it was that the late Sir Henry Irving, complimenting Mr. Bram Stoker upon the latter's delivery of some poem, specified especially as praiseworthy, Mr. Stoker's letting his poses, gestures, and the expressions of his face precede the words which were to express the thought that these poses, gestures, and facial expressions foreshadowed. This was good art because it was true to nature. As an example, fancy yourself hurrying back to school from a walk along the countryside. Far off, the bell rings for class. Instantly, you are filled with dismay at the thought of being late. This feeling at once shows in a change of countenance. Then, you call to a lagging comrade, "There's the bell! We're late!" Analyzing this case, note that you first received an impression from without (the sound of the bell calling you to class); this gave

rise to a feeling (dismay at being late); the feeling expressed itself outwardly in two ways: first, in what corresponds to a gesture (the downcast face); then, in words (the call to the comrade). Accordingly, when you make gestures, make them before the words whose thought they emphasize or clarify.

A few other rules may be laid down. Remember, first, not to make gestures because you think they will look well. Rather let them be the outcome of the overflow of thought that cannot find adequate expression in words alone. Secondly, carry out fully the impulse to gesticulate. Mere flappings of the wrist are ineffective. Thirdly, as a rule, you should avoid carefully all glances in the direction in which you make a gesture. This is especially true in narrations and descriptions. But you meet with exceptions; in such a piece as "The Black Horse and His Rider" (page 77), for instance, you seem to be actually in the same position as that of your audience, both you and they watching the ascent of the cliff. In such a passage as:

"But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbour, — there he stands, —" (page 183)

you have first your eyes upon your audience — say the center of the hall; next, just before you say, "There he stands," you look a bit to the right or left, where you in fancy discover that neighbour; then *before* raising your hand with the remark, "There he stands," you look back to the center.

Finally, practise your gestures so many times that you can make them without thinking. Otherwise, when you get before your audience, you are likely to be so occupied with the thought of the movement both before and after you have made it that your attention is divided and away may go your words, leaving you at a standstill.

INFLECTIONS

One of the most interesting things about the speaking voice is its magical power of making the same words mean different things. For instance, in reply to Macbeth's question, "If we should fail?" Mrs. Siddons in her impersonations of Lady Macbeth gave, in the course of her career, three different renditions of the two-word sentence, "We fail." In the first place, there was an upward sweep of the voice, seeming to answer the Thane's question with another; namely, "*Fail*, did you say?" At another time in her life, she employed a downward movement, answering Macbeth with absolute finality, as who should say, "If we fail, we fail, and there's an end." At still a third stage, she used a bend of the voice on the word *We*, expressing scorn for his idea of *their* failing.

It is by such subtle movements of the voice that Iago, without uttering one direct word of accusation, stirs Othello against Cassio:

OTHELLO. Is he not honest?

IAGO. Honest, my lord?

OTHELLO. Honest! ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO. What dost thou think?

IAGO. Think, my lord?

OTHELLO. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me.

These movements of the voice, which are quite as expressive of thought as any mere words, are known as inflections. The three principal inflections are: the Rising, the Falling, and the Circumflex.

The Rising Inflection, an upward movement of the voice, prevails, as will be observed in the examples which follow, in direct questions.

The Falling Inflection, a downward movement, expressive of completeness, prevails at the close of direct statements.

The Circumflex Inflection, a bending movement introduced into the rising or falling movement of the voice, so that it does not go directly up or down, is used in rhetorical questions (that is, in those questions which do not ask for information, but are really statements cast in interrogative form) and in expressions of scorn and mockery, ending generally with a rising movement in rhetorical questions, and with a falling movement in expressions of scorn and mockery.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTIONS

(To be repeated by the class in concert after the teacher.)

RISING INFLECTION

Hath he asked for me?
Darest thou now leap in with me?
Who's there?
Did'st thou not hear a noise?
Will you to Scone?
Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
How now, who comes?
What, has this thing appeared again to-night?
Be the players ready?
Have you heard the argument?
What, is Antonio here?
Ride you this afternoon?
Is't far you ride?
Goes Fleance with you?
Saw you the weird sisters?
Came they not by you?
We are beaten; what shall we do?
Was it snowing I spoke of?
Dost thou not hear?
Did he receive you well?
But you'll be secret?
Is it a custom?
And now, Laertes, what's the news?

FALLING INFLECTION

Napoleon was sitting in his tent. Before him lay the map of Italy.

It was the seventh of October, 1777.

Suddenly Gates and his officers were startled.

Thus it was all day long.

I shall enter on no encomium on Massachusetts. She needs none.

Plato, thou reasonest well.

These heroes are dead.

Their names reverberate from earth to heaven.

To the Army of the Potomac belongs the unique distinction of being its own hero.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

CIRCUMFLEX INFLECTION

Napoleon turned to Desaix, "We are beaten; what shall we do?"
"Do! Beat them."

Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

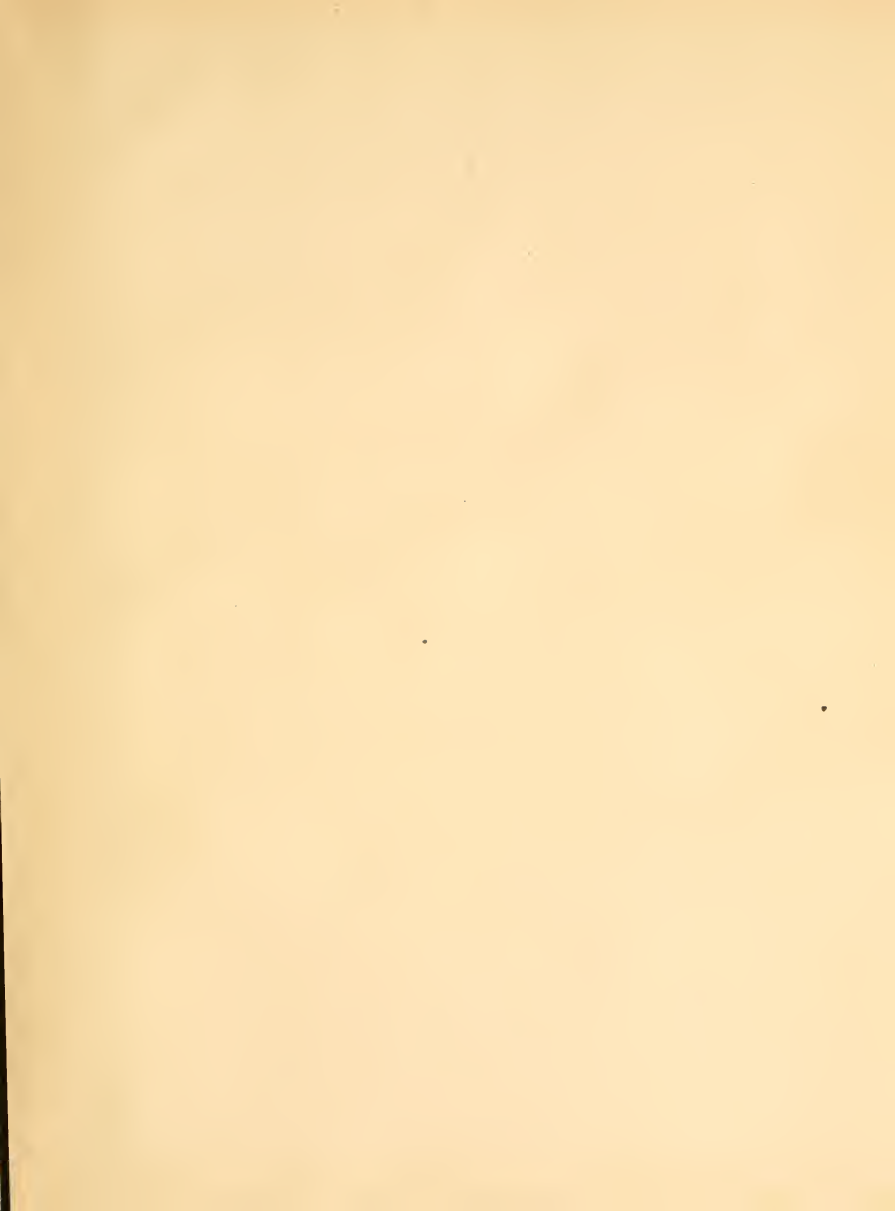
Hope ye mercy still?

Is the gentleman done? Is he completely done?

Hath a dog money? Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats?

And what's his answer? I am a Jew.

You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd face?









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